

# BASE BURNERS

—FOR THE NEXT—

## THIRTY DAYS

At less than they can be bought from the Manufacturers.  
Please Call and examine both

### STOVES & PRICES!

BEFORE PURCHASING.

H. S. RENICK & CO.,

No. 9, East Side Square, Greencastle, Ind.

Established 1849.

## COLE BROTHERS,

The Second Largest Manufactory of

### LIGHTNING RODS in the WORLD.

We are now ready to furnish at wholesale and retail, every variety of Lightning Rods, Points, Fixtures and Ornaments. Also our CELEBRATED WOOD PUMPS, TUBING and FIXTURES, adopted by the Wood Pump Manufacturers' Association, April 13, 1880. Send for circular and price lists.

COLE BROTHERS, Greencastle, Indiana.

## W. F. GARVER,

Dealer in

### DRY GOODS!

Clothing, Groceries, etc., Carpentersville and Portland Mills.

I have just received a large invoice of new goods, making my stock full and complete. Come and see me if you wish bargains. Coal oil 12 cents per gal. Prints 5 cents; Men's boots as low as \$1.00 per pair. I now have the largest and best selected stock in the county, and am selling lower than the same class of goods can be purchased elsewhere.

AD. HANNA.

ED. E. BLACK.

## HANNA & BLACK,

### The Furniture Men

OF PUTNAM COUNTY,

Offer superior inducements to buyers. They always keep the best stock and their prices cannot be discounted.

Call and see their

### PARLOR SETS.

## New Cash Grocery.

ISAAC JENKINS.

JOHN BURLEY.

### Jenkins & Co.

In Southern Block, next door to Langdon's book store.

### WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS

In Fine Teas, Sugar, Coffee, Tobacco and Cigars. Highest market price paid for country produce in Goods or Cash. Farmers are solicited to call on us for their supplies, and bring your produce.

Yours,

JENKINS & CO.



### PROTECTION

### COLLAR PADS

For Farmers, Liverymen, Coachmen, Horse Car, Omnibus, Stage, Express, and all who wear collars.

To Cure Sore Throats, Coughs, Chafing, caused by Friction, Sore, Hard Work, Act independently, of Collar, soft, easy, cool, pliable, Assorted sizes, adjustable to all horses. Made of solid leather, under a pressure of several tons, will outlast any ordinary collar. Pads are pronounced the best in the market. They are sold by Saddlery Hardware Trade Dealers, and by Saddlery Hardware Trade Dealers, everywhere. Sample can be sent by Mail.

Circulars and Price List, address 43 Western Leather Man'g Co., Chicago.

### KINDLING

Kindling up. I now sell it at ten cents a bundle, delivered to all parts of the county.

JOHN RILEY.

1m49

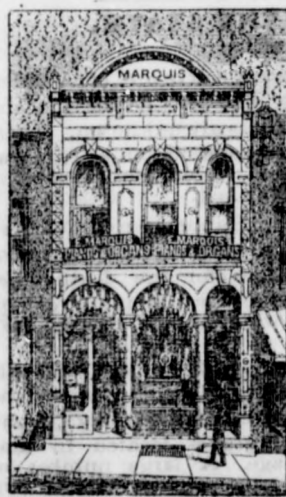
### STOLEN

On the pasture of the undersigned, 2 and 3 miles west of Consville, Ind., on the night of Nov. 29, a dark iron grey horse, 4 years old, with 15 hands high, star in forehead, with mane laying to the left, and peeing gut. A reward will be paid for his return, or for information leading to his recovery.

L. G. HUBBARD.

## BUY YOUR Holiday Presents

At the Store of



### Emanuel Marquis,

Where you will find choice

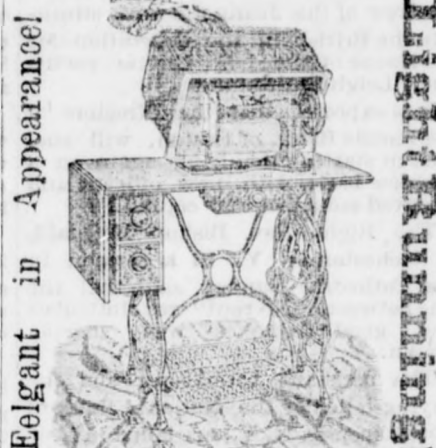
### PIANOS AND ORGANS.

Steinway & Sons, Univeral Geo. Woods & Co., Decker Brothers, in Workup, A. B. Chase, Vose & Sons, Beauty of Beauty, J. V. C. Fischer, tone and Shoninger, &c.

Also Sheet Music, Violins, Strings, Accordions, French Harps, Music Boxes, Piano Stools and richly embroidered covers.

4449

## The ELDREDGE!



### The World Challenged to Produce ITS EQUAL!

Adapted the standard in simplicity, easy of operation and range of work. It is the most complete and desirable machine ever offered to the public. It has an AUTOMATIC SELF-THREADING SHUTTLE, ADJUSTABLE AUTOMATIC TAKE-UP, SELF-SETTING NEEDLE. Loose pulley for fly wheel. (No breaking of thread and needles by running the machine backwards.)

TO SEE, PLEASES.

TO TRY, CONVINCES.

TO BUY, SATISFIES.

Light Running MACHINE MADE.

Parties wanting the best machine made, call on or write to P. HAYS, Agent, Greencastle.

OFFICE: At Langdon's Bazar, No. 6 South side Public Square.

2-1v

## CENTAUR



### LINIMENT

always Cures and never Disappoints

The World's great Pain-Reliever

for Man and Beast. Cheap, quick and reliable.

2-1v

## PITCHER'S CASTORIA

is not Narcotic. Children grow fat upon Mothers like, and Physicians recommend CASTORIA. It regulates the Bowels, cures Wind Colic, allays Feverishness, and destroys Worms.

2-1v

## Dr. Frazier's Root Bitters

Frazier's Root Bitters are not a dram-shop whisky beverage, but are strictly medicinal in every sense. They act strongly upon the liver and kidneys, keep the bowels open and regular, make the weak strong, heal the lungs, build up the nerves and cleanse the blood and system of every impurity.

For discharges, Rush of blood to the head, tending to Apoplexy, Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, Dropsy, Pimples and blotches, Scrofulous Humors and Sores, Tetters, Ring Worm, White Swelling, Erysipelas, Sore eyes, and for young men suffering from Weakness or Debility caused from imprudence, and to females in delicate health, Frazier's Root Bitters are especially recommended.

Dr. Frazier: I have used two bottles of your Root Bitters for Dyspepsia, Bloating, Weakness and Kidney disease, and they did me more good than the Doctors and all the medicine I ever used. From the first dose I took I began to mend, and I am now in perfect health, and feel as well as I ever did. I consider your medicine one of the greatest of blessings.

MRS. M. MARTIN, Cleveland, O. Sold by all druggists everywhere at \$1 per bottle.

HENRY & CO., Sole Prop'rs.

2-1v CLEVELAND, O.

## PILES, PILES, PILES.

A SURE CURE FOUND AT LAST. NO NEED SUFFER.

A sure cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and ulcerated Piles has been discovered by Dr. William's Indian Ointment. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of 25 and 30 years standing. No need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotion, Cataplasms and electrics do more harm than good. William's Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, particularly at night after getting warm in bed, acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for Piles, itching of the private parts, and for nothing else.

Read what the Hon. J. M. Coffinberry of Cleveland says about Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment: I have used scores of Pile Cures, and it affords me pleasure to say that I have never found anything which gave such immediate and permanent relief as Dr. William's Indian Ointment.

For sale by all druggists or mailed on receipt of price, \$1.00.

HENRY & CO., CLEVELAND, O.

2-1v

## STOVES! STOVES!

—AT—

### B. F. BARWICK'S

A numerous stock and great variety of elegant patterns to select from among which are the celebrated

### Garland Base Burner

and a full line of the Garland Cooks for wood or coal.

Please call and look through before buying. Our prices are as low as any house in the State.

B. F. BARWICK,

North Side Square

2-1v

## The Greencastle Banner.

### Letter From India.

To the Editor of the Banner:

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Although the present is an especially busy time with us, I will take a few minutes to send you all "Christmas greetings."

The second week of December brings us to the end of our school year, and with it the annual government inspection and examination, and our "Prize Distribution," which takes the place of the American "Exhibition." In the distribution, my school will join with the Calcutta "Girls' School," which is under the charge of Miss M. E. Layton, of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society. It is something unusual for the scholars to take any active part in the exercises, and it will horrify some people to see ten boys and ten girls actually appear together in a dialogue; but they must be horrified. Besides the dialogue, a young lady will recite "High Tide," and do it well, too; a girl will read about Tom Sawyer's white-washing the fence; and a boy will recite "The night before Christmas."

One can never fully understand the difficulties to be overcome in making the children here read and speak properly until they have tried it a few months. Home influence, home example, contact with the broken-English-speaking servants—everything is against the teacher.

Since Dr. Thoburn's return from Conference street-preaching has been resumed, and special meetings are being held every day in the week but one.

Last evening I was counting up the number of regular services held in this city by the American Methodists. There are now eight regular missionaries, six of whom are gentlemen and two ladies, and these conduct thirty-six meetings every week, besides having charge of two schools.

Have you read of the work of the "Salvation Army" in England? Well, our Sunday evening street service would rival theirs for singularity of procedure. Notice having been given that services would be held in a certain lane, about five o'clock in the evening a few gentlemen and ladies meet there and begin to sing a hymn. In a few minutes there will be a crowd gathered and some one will speak a few words; then the leaders begin to march slowly, singing as they go, the greater part of the crowd following until another halt is made, another short sermon preached, and on again, until the door of the church is reached, about six o'clock, and the leaders march in, followed by a large number from the crowd. By this time the regular congregation has assembled, and the missionary goes into the pulpit and breaks to all the same bread of life. Hardly a meeting passes without souls being saved. As a matter of course there are amusing incidents connected with this service, which will often come to mind after the time of their occurrence. One such, which excited a great deal of remark at the time, happened about two years ago, and is as follows: Dr. J. M. Thoburn was leading the singing with a guitar. As they were passing a house, and Rev. F. A. Goodwin (who returned to America a few months ago, and has since died, broken down from over-work) was leading the singing with a guitar. As they were passing a house, and Rev. F. A. Goodwin (who returned to America a few months ago, and has since died, broken down from over-work) was leading the singing with a guitar. As they were passing a house, and Rev. F. A. Goodwin (who returned to America a few months ago, and has since died, broken down from over-work) was leading the singing with a guitar.

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As they were passing a house, and Rev. F. A.



OATS—Quiet; No. 2, 45½c.



## THE AMERICAN IDEAL.

An independent young man;  
A right kind-of-stuff young man;  
A deep, comprehensible,  
Plain-spoken, sensible,  
Thoroughly self-made young man.

A not-to-be-beaten young man;  
An up-to-front young man;  
A genuine, plucky,  
Happy-go-lucky,  
Try-it-again young man.

A knowledge-seeking young man;  
A real wide-awake young man;  
A working-in-season,  
Find-out-the-reason,  
Not-to-smart-to-learn young man.

A look-out-for-others young man;  
A practice-not-preach young man;  
Kind, sympathetic,  
Not-all-theoretic,  
One-in-a-thousand young man.

An affable, courteous young man;  
A know-what-to-say young man;  
A knight of true chivalry,  
Frank in delivery,  
Making-his-mark young man.

A now-a-days-scaree young man;  
A hard-to-be-found young man;  
A perfectly self-possessed,  
Not-always-to-be-had,  
Kind-that-I-like young man.

—Cincinnati Commercial.

## MY SPIRITUELLE "SPOTTER."

One, two, three—yes I was sure that I had traced a family resemblance in three very different faces, during the same day, and that these faces had repeated themselves at intervals during a period of several days.

It happened in this wise. I was a convalescent—recovering from nervous fever, which had rendered my imaginative powers morbid, and so shattered my system that it was necessary to recover it by the mildest means and the slowest stages. I durst not walk out, so I was recommended to ride. Much reading, even of the lightest character, was declared one of the worst things possible for me; so my young friends got up private theatricals for my benefit, and though I was forbidden as yet to take a public part in them, it gave me infinite amusement to aid them in their preparations. By degrees I became quite an artist in the necessities of a successful "make up," could decide, at a glance, whether the eye-brows required encouragement, or whether the eyes were of a shade to stand a narrow but severe touch of rouge immediately beneath them. I could tell at a single glance look whether the whiteness of a false complexion was due to flake-white, bismuth, or alternate layers of camphor-ice and powder; and probably no one ever answered more repeatedly the question, "Have I too much on tonight?" That I became the criterion in such matters was one of the pleasantest recompenses I had for not being in a position just then to take part in the public performances.

I have said that I was interdicted from much walking. This drove me to the city passenger-cars, for I could not afford the daily luxury of a carriage. It is one of my idiosyncrasies—call it a weakness, if you will—that having once got into a track, it is hard to drive me out of it. Consequently I acquired the habit of riding up and down the same city passenger track—which one it is not necessary to particularize—several times a day. Upon one of these occasions I found myself occupying a corner of the car diagonal to one that was in possession of a lovely spirituelle blonde.

A very fair, pure blonde! And what more exquisite sight is there on earth than that of a white-rose-skinned, violet-eyed girl, with face framed in rustic entanglements of light-golden hair? This was the style of a beauty that encountered me in that passenger-car, and whispered to me that my destiny was at hand.

It was about 9 o'clock in the morning, and we were all alone in the car. She took no notice of me at all, nor indeed of anything but the school-book she held open in her lap. I noticed that the conductor looked at her from time to time, with an expression which might have meant a good deal had I in the least suspected the truth, or met a case resembling it before. The young lady stopped the car in the neighborhood of a large red brick building, which I took to be a young ladies' seminary, and got out without betraying a consciousness of my existence, from which I opined that she was afraid of being late for school and didn't know her lesson.

At about 2 o'clock in the afternoon I found myself riding up town in the same car. The lack of other means of amusement had rendered me a close observer, and consequently when the car stopped and a woman's-rights-looking woman got in, apparently a spinster of uncertain age, my looks were riveted upon her, and in spite of the difference in age, attire, manner, and everything which constitutes personality, I exclaimed to myself:

"Heavens! what a strange family resemblance! I could swear this woman's-rights-looking-woman was my maiden aunt of my spirituelle blonde. Those eyes, that nose, that chin," and thereupon I sank off into a retrospective reverie which lasted until I found I had been driven six blocks past the paternal residence, and reflected that the dinner had by that time probably grown unpalatably warm.

The mystery was not at an end yet. That same evening at about 8 I took another ride, which was to last me until next morning. Being again the sole occupant of the car, I was about to solve the problem how great a portion of my body could repose upon the velvet-cushioned seat without an impairment of my dusty feet thereon, when the car stopped. I heard the conductor exclaim: "All right, aunty."

At the next moment there ambled in a middle-aged woman, who seated herself, painfully and with heavy breathing, opposite. She wore a thick veil, but my eyes were sharpened by much observation, and, for the second time that day, I exclaimed to myself:

"Heavens! what resemblance!" and I fell back on the old work of comparing eyes, chin and nose with those of my spirituelle blonde of the morning.

Yes; the family resemblance was there, there was no disguising that. If the woman's-rights-looking woman had been my spinster aunt, this woman was the younger mother. Mixing with it all was a confusion, a mystery, a contradiction and defiance, which I vainly tried to understand or remove.

Why, of all the faces I had seen that day, these three should flit before me, leaving themselves together, growing out of one another like monstrous heads, alternating each with incessant

repetition, and mingling their identities like objects reflected infinitely in opposite mirrors, was the most inexplicable question of all.

I dreamed about those faces all that night. They grew out of my bed-posts; they hid themselves in the folds of my mosquito net; they sprouted from my neck and flashed before me like a fabled monster, and when I awoke in the morning 'twas as though they had divided my appetite between them, for I certainly had none for breakfast.

So wearisome had grown this constant brooding, that in despair I went to my doctor, and conquering my fear of being laughed at, stated the case.

My doctor is an eclectic. He is not an old fogey. He is a young progressive, with respect for past good, but with greater respect for future better. He believes in phrenology, and he reads the newspapers, consequently he knows a thing or two which more celebrated physicians might search in their books for in vain.

He did not laugh at me. He did not feel my pulse. He did not ask me to go through the farce of putting out my tongue. But he felt my bump of individuality, and then he asked me the very singular question:

"Do you know what a 'spotter' is?" I pondered for a few moments, and then pensively shook my head. I was not excessively green in city life, but I did not know what a "spotter" was, and so I said:

"I thought, perhaps, I was a little out of my head," I added. "Sometimes I fancy my fever jarred me terribly. And I have been so haunted by these three faces. You don't know."

At this point, for the first time, the doctor interrupted me with a hearty laugh.

"I do know all, my dear fellow," he said, slapping me on the shoulder. "Nothing's the matter there," touching my head. "Your being 'haunted,' as you call it, with those three faces, on the contrary, is one of the best proofs that you are all right. Take your customary ride to-day. Ten chances to one but you will encounter the same three faces. When you do, get as close to them as possible, and if your eyes are not strong enough, borrow a pair of eye-glasses. Report the result of your observations to me, and if by that time you don't know what a 'spotter' is, I will tell you."

I rose to go, with returned cheerfulness.

"One word more," he said, holding out his hand as I stood on the threshold. "You are not in love with your violet-eyed blonde?"

"Ah! She is very beautiful," I answered, turning away; "and I think I don't know—but I think I am in love," and, disappearing amid the doctor's merry peal of laughter, I went on my mysterious quest.

It was several days ere I called on the doctor again. When I did so it was with a clearer head, but a heart not altogether lighter. I had pursued my investigations closely in the interim, and was now going to him with the result.

"And what have you to report?" he asked.

"The girl," I replied, "has genuine, unassisted beauty, and I pity her from the bottom of my heart that she is obliged to earn her living in such a way. Her spinster aunt is admirably got up, but I noticed that the way she counts is by turning down a leaf of the book she carries for every frequent passenger that gets in. The old lady is the greatest success of all. She takes her notes by pretending to figure up groceries in a greasy blank book. But they are all three first-class 'spotters,' and do their business well."

"And pray, my friend," asked the doctor, "how did you arrive at a comprehension of the deep significance of that term?"

"My own eager eyes and senses informed me," I replied. "You are pretty well cured," I heard the doctor mutter half aloud. "A 'spotter,' usually a female is an employee in the secret service of a passenger railway company. Her duty is to 'spot' dishonest conductors, and report them to the directors of this company. These women, whom I have seen, are all 'spotters,' regular artists in the work."

"And how about the family resemblance?"

"The same face," I replied, "bears an extraordinary family resemblance in itself, when seen in a number of clever disguises. I have said these women are artists and do their work well. But there is only one woman in the case! My spirituelle blonde is nothing but a spirituelle 'spotter,' and my violet-eyed beauty, my spinster aunt and my dowager mother are one and the same person. I brushed new hair with the eye of a hawk. I saw the paint and patches and powder. It is the best 'make up' on or off the stage. I ever witnessed. But I think one or two of the conductors, from the way they looked at her, are a little suspicious; and I expect my lady will soon be obliged to 'spot' on another line."

From that hour my convalescence was rapid, and I ride less than formerly in city passenger railway cars.

## An Evening in Danascus.

S. S. Cox, in the New York Sun.

It was a sweet and pensive evening, fitted to make one think of dear friends at home, and the sadness which afflicts my country in its hours of bereavement and sorrow. I am not one of those who are ashamed to confess that the teachings of Nature not only lead me to love my friends and my country, but in a larger sense to love the primal loving cause of all our blessings. Nothing so binds me in "willing fetters" as the silver meshes of a brook, and these seven rivers of Danascus produce a pleasing acquiescence, to which the beautiful moon adds its fascination. There was a song in the groves of tall poplars and cypresses, like music heard in dreams. Besides, there were old plane trees, whose branches have listened to many a story of the good Caliph's time.

They spread their great arms in gestures of Eastern welcome while giving their venerable aspect to the mellow light and reflecting their shadows in the pleasant waters. We entered a garden where, along with the murmur of the fountains, we hear the tinkle of the guitar and the thrumming of the tambourine. They accompany some voices singing that olden drawing ditty of the Orient, heard from Morocco to Bagdad. Seated under the trees are some hundreds of Arabs in

every posture smoking cigarettes and nargiles. They are old and young, but all grave as their tombstones. We ordered a chibouque and coffee and listened. I ask the dragoman, "What is the song about?" "It is the old love song," he says. "O heart! why lovest thou so much? Knowest thou not that thy beloved will fade as the roses? Come to me, beloved, before thou diest! Heart o my heart! come and solace me before the end cometh." This was too lachrymose for our jocund spirit, so we ask:

"Can not you get up a jolly song, and make these solemn faces smile?"

No one smiles in this strange country. The dogs even partake of the general gravity. The way they howl, even before hurt, is a sample of the melancholy characteristic of all. Men—big men—burst into tears on the least occasion. They are tender and simple-hearted. I should infer, therefore, that they would be pensive to mirth; and at this festive place I became anxious to know what resource this land has for any vent and vein of humor. The guide tries it with a silver medjeah (a dollar), and the band strikes up a roundelay, which was only a quicker variation of the same lyrical drawl. This music had words a little more sprightly.

I ask what they purport. "Oh, it is a song of a love-sick boy for a passionate girl and the girl's anxiety to see the boy." A few old Arabs make a hilarious grunt at some of the verses, and some of the young men look at me askant with a curious smile. It was a song not at all fitted for ears polite, as I surmised; but, not understanding Arabic, I stood the embarrassment. The truth is, this Arab music has an Offenbach immoral twang, and much of its sweetness and characteristics in certain notes; but it is incapable of notation on account of its short or quarter notes and its irregularity and capriciousness. I have had enough of it. I prefer the sweet solace of the bray of the meek and miserable donkey to this "damnable iteration" of barbaric wailing.

## The Modern Primer.

Denger (Col.) Tribune.

Here is a Castle. It is the Home of an Editor. It has Stained Glass windows and Mahogany stairways. In front of the Castle is a Park. Is it not Sweet? The lady in the Park is the editor's wife. She wears a costly robe of Velvet trimmed with Gold Lace, and there are Pearls and Rubies in her Hair. The editor sits on the front Stoop smoking an Havana Cigar. His little Children are playing with diamond Marbles on the Tesselated Floor. The editor can afford to Live in Style. He gets Seventy-five Dollars a Month.

Here we Have a Baby. It is composed of a Bald Head and a Pair of Lungs. One of the Lungs takes a Rest while the Other runs the Shop. One of Them is always On Deck all of the Time. The Baby is a Bigger man than his Mother. He likes to Walk around with his Father at Night. The Father does Most of the Walking and All of the Swearing. Little Girls, you will Never Know what it is to Be a Father.

The Peach is Hard and Green. He is Waiting for a Child to Come along and Eat him. When he Gets into the Child's Little Stomach he will Make things Hot for that Child. The Child Who eats the Peach will be an Angel before he Gets a Chance to Eat another. If there were No green Peaches there would not be so many Children's Sizes of Gold Harps in Heaven.

Behold the Printer. He is Hunting for a Pickup of half a Line. He has been hunting for Two Hours. He could have Set the half Line in twenty Seconds, but it is a Matter of Principle with him never to Set what he Can pick up. The Printer has a Hard Time. He has to Set type all Night and Play Pedro for the Beer all Day. We would like to Be a Printer were it not for the Night Work.

This sorry Spectacle is a Plumber. He is Ragged and Cold and Hungry. He is Very, very Poor. When you See him Next spring he Will be Very, very Rich and will wear Diamonds and Broadcloth. His wife Takes in Washing now, but she will be able to Move in the First Circles by the Time the Weather turns Warmer and the Pansies Bloom again.

## Changes of a Century.

The nineteenth century has witnessed many and very great discoveries and changes:

In 1809 Fulton took out his first patent for the invention of a steamboat.

The first steamship which made regular trips across the Atlantic Ocean were the Sirius and Great Western in 1830.

The first application to practical use of gas illumination was made in 1802.

In 1813 the streets of London were for the first time lighted with gas.

In 1813 there was built in Waltham, Mass., a mill, believed to have been the first in the world, which combined all the requirements for making finished cloth from the raw cotton.

In 1790 there were only twenty-five postoffices in the whole country, and up to 1837 the rate of postage was twenty-five cents for a letter sent over 400 miles.

In 1807 wooden clocks began to be made by machinery. This ushered in the era of cheap clocks.

About the year 1833 the first rail road of any considerable length in the United States was constructed.

In 1840 the first experiments in photography were made by Daguerre.

About 1840 the first express business was established.

The anthracite coal business may be said to have begun in 1820.

In 1836 the patent for the invention of matches was granted.

Steel pens were introduced for use in 1803.

The first successful trial of a reaper took place in 1833.

In 1846 Elias Howe obtained a patent for his first sewing machine.

The first successful method of making vulcanized India rubber was patented in 1839.

Thomas Schofield, aged 91 years, walked nine miles to renew his subscription to a New London paper. It is the general impression among publishers that there are a number of subscribers who are waiting until they are 91 years old to come in and pay for their paper.

## Blessed Babies.

Collected from Exchanges.

One day last week the passengers in a car bound out from St. Louis on the Ohio and Mississippi railroad began to be annoyed by the cries of a baby. The men wore secretly and the women wondered why the baby's mother didn't stop its mouth. But it soon became evident the baby was alone. The tiny creature, no bigger than a hand-bag, wriggled off its seat and fell, in the midst of an ear-splitting squall, to the floor. Then the nearest woman rushed over to pick the infant up, and in less time than it takes to tell it all the passengers got to know of the sensational matter. "No, indeed, it isn't my young one!" indignantly exclaimed the maiden who first ran to its assistance. "It isn't mine," repeated several other ladies to the inquiry of the conductor, but an old maid in a corner seat bit the handle of her umbrella half off in silence. From that moment until the train stopped at Relay Station the excitement was in keeping with the novelty of the occurrence. Some thought that the infant's mother had deserted it. Others were of the opinion that she had been left behind through accident. As the train pulled into Relay, Depotmaster Whitney, who was seen wildly flourishing a telegram, shouted: "Ah! there a lost baby on this train?" A dozen heads were out at a dozen windows and a dozen voices cried, "Yes." The baby was handed to Mr. Whitney, and the train passed on. Meanwhile, at the union depot in St. Louis a disconsolate mother was walking up and down the platform. Her agony was almost unbearable. When she was handed a dispatch from Relay couched in the beautiful words: "Kid safe," she wept for joy. From her explanation it appears that before the train started she had "just run across the street to get a bottle of milk."

A resident of Battle Creek, Mich., was called to his front door last Thursday morning by a vigorous jerk of the bell. What he saw on the door-step was a clothes-basket, and it did not take long to discover that the basket contained a baby. As that household already had a full assortment of treasures of that kind, the citizen was angry as well as shocked. He lost no time in sending the basket with its contents to the police station. As the colored man who had been hired to carry the baby to the station entered the door he saw a young woman frantically endeavoring to give an officer a piece of information. Glancing at the basket, however, the woman uttered a scream and hugged the infant until it in turn became demonstrative. The founding had found its mother, whose strange explanation that a discharged and angry servant girl had kidnapped it while the family were at breakfast, proved to be true.

Near Abilene, Kan., a few days ago, a mother left her infant strapped in a chair in the summer kitchen. A wind storm came up suddenly. From a dead calm a gale arose in twenty seconds. At the first warning the mother hurried to look after her child, expecting to find the chubby quietly drinking the contents of its thumb. To her amazement and extreme horror, she saw her baby and basket, pots, pans and buckets flying promiscuously along with the tornado. The wind subsided almost as quickly as it had risen and the mother had the satisfaction of seeing the basket drop right side up on a pile of hay, about 130 feet beyond the yard fence. She was much more gratified to see that the baby had sustained no serious injury. Its appetite was good immediately after the rescue.

A man drove up at a terrific pace to the railroad station at Farwell, Mich., and inquired for his wife. She had eloped with a neighbor and was about to take the train for the East. "Thank goodness, I'm in time!" the husband took in great excitement. The wife shrank cowering into a seat, and the bystanders expected a tragedy. "Here is your baby," he continued producing a wee bit of a girl; "reckon you got her in your hurry. Now you can get off as fast as you like." Leaving the baby with the runaway pair he drove away with his placidity entirely recovered.

On the afternoon of the 2d inst. Raphael Durbin, a farmer, was driving with his wife and baby near Howard, Ohio. Coming to Little Jellyway creek, Mr. Durbin found that stream very much swollen. He whipped his horses into the water. About midway in the stream the horses were swept from their feet and the wagon overturned. In the excitement of the moment the baby was forgotten. A few minutes afterward it was found alive and well on the wagon seat several hundred yards down stream.

Incident of Chief Me-shin-go-me-sia. Reuville Republican.

About twenty years ago, Uncle Harmony Laughlin made it a business to take frequent trips to Wabash county where he purchased ponies of the Indians, and brought them back to Rush county. On one particular occasion he visited the camp of Me-shin-go-me-sia, a few miles from Wabash. The crafty old fellow was hard to beat in a trade, and the extent of his knowledge concerning "horses" was only equalled by the size of his body, he weighing nearly 300 pounds. Mr. Laughlin purchased five or six of the ponies, and was shrewd enough to have them delivered already haltered, inasmuch as the "critters" were as shy as so many mountain goats. This was considered a big feature in a trade. Salt was such a rare luxury to the ponies that they would risk life and reputation to gain a small amount of it. So an old squaw approached the ponies with a handful of salt, and when the animals saw the tempting article, they approached the woman, who slowly backed into a rickety building. As soon as the ponies were in the structure, the door was hastily closed, and behold, a number of equine prisoners found themselves at the mercy of their masters. Old Me-shin-go-me-sia, halter in hand, entered the building, and pilloried the "nag" designated by Mr. Laughlin. The astute Indian was loth to bring the animal out in the open air, well knowing its friskiness. Uncle Harmony insisted, however, and out they came with a dash. Me-shin-go-me-sia, it should here be said, was clad only in a shirt, reaching to his knees. The pony reared, ran, kicked, snorted and shot out like a cyclone, the obese red man holding on like a leech. The next thing Mr. Indian knew he was sitting flat on the ground, with nothing between his naked anatomy and Mother Earth, scotching along like a

fast horse on a race track. "Stop horse! stop horse! Injun sick!" howled the aboriginal citizen. A number of braves rushed to his assistance, and rescued the sliding man. Old Me-shin-go-me-sia sold the rest of the ponies, but he refused to lead the animals from their quarters single-handed. It is supposed that he reposed on his stomach every night for a month after.

## Washington's Clock.

New York Tribune.

A "mysterious incident" is said to have happened the other day in Washington's favorite room in the old mansion at Mount Vernon. In the room are many relics of Washington, including an old, round faced, peculiar shaped clock, which has stood in silence for forty years. Only two or three rusty wheels are left in it. On the afternoon of Nov. 16 Mr. J. McH. Hollingsworth, superintendent of the Mount Vernon association, was showing the relics to a party of visitors. He came to the old clock. "This clock," said he—when, to his astonishment and terror, "three strong, distinct strokes" were struck upon the bell of the clock, and were heard by all in the party. Mr. Hollingsworth "was overcome with emotion," and requested the visitors to leave the room. He could not understand the phenomenon. The clock, he said, had not been disturbed in the twelve years that he had been superintendent of the grounds. It is open in the back, and one can see, he said, that the works are broken and only a few of the wheels remain in position. The whole thing was a mystery to him. The details of this occurrence are given by "J. W. Buel," in a letter to the St. Louis Republican, and "this story," he says, "is not a sensation, but a fact." If he or Mr. Hollingsworth could muster the courage to examine the ancient time-piece, it would probably be found that the mysterious striking was due to the breaking of a spring or wheel.

## The Victim of a Crime.

A terrible chapter of crime, of remarkable tenacity of life, and of misfortune is related in the life history of Tifford Gregory, who, twelve years ago was a well-to-do and influential citizen of Louisville, Ky. About that time he was enticed by an assassin to a lonely spot 100 miles from Louisville, in Indiana, on pretense of showing him a valuable tract of land for sale. There the assassin seized a favorable opportunity to tell Gregory to the earth with a club. He then drew a knife and stabbed him several times to the brain. To make sure of killing, he attempted to search out the man's heart with the sharp steel, and plunged the blade seven times in the breast of his victim. Gregory being a large, fleshy man, the knife did not reach the vital spot; yet when the robber left him he was at death's door. In this condition, with his life's blood gradually wasting away, he lay in that lonely spot all the afternoon and through the night till the next morning, and when by chance he was discovered he was nearly dead. It was feared he would die before he could be gotten to the nearest village to identify the man who had been arrested in the flight from the wood. He, however, held on to life and identified the man, and the fellow was immediately hanged to a tree in the presence of his victim. Gregory slowly recovered, but thereafter was incapacitated for business, and his property gradually wasted away. He could once have drawn his check for \$10,000, but has been of late years a street beggar, and now, at the age of 60 years, he is slowly dying in a garret.

## A Southern Romance.

Five years ago a maiden fair, whose home was at a little town near Macon, Ga., anxiously awaited an important letter from her absent lover. Days passed wearily. The sighing lass haunted the Postoffice, but the Postmaster's face always wore that look of exasperating quietude common to those from whom expected things never come. The maiden thought that her heart would break, for she realized at last that her lover was faithless. The scene shifts. It is September, 1881. In Macon dwells the same lady, but she is now a happy wife with two children. She has forgotten the faultless one of her days of wo. She, therefore, is surprised when from the town of her youth comes a letter bearing a subscription to her maiden name that derived from her husband. An accompanying note from the Postmaster explains that in tearing away some of the boards of a letter-case the missive was found. The envelope is postmarked "1876." The lady spans the baby to keep it quiet while she eagerly devours the contents. Heavens! It is from John, who proposes in glowing words, and begs for a kind reply. The lady's husband also enjoys the letter, and, out of curiosity, communicates with relatives of the former lover. It is learned that he is a happy Chicago pork-packer, with a wife and three sons.

## Weaning The Baby Elephant.

[Bridgeport Farmer.]

The baby elephant of the Barnum-London shows is now 19 months old and is fast growing out of the estate of babyhood, although a long way removed from that of an adult. On Tuesday there was commenced at the show quarters in Bridgeport the interesting process of weaning him from the mother. He was not removed from the elephant room, but simply taken from the opposite side of the apartment and chained to a stake the same as the grown animals. Both mother and offspring showed their disapproval of the proceedings very strongly, but neither made any serious trouble. It was feared Hebe might get into a furious rage over the estrangement, but she contented her self with merely uttering vigorous protests at frequent intervals and then falling into a state of mild melancholy. The baby takes kindly to his new diet, which is mostly crackers and milk, and probably in a few days more will not feel specially aggrieved at being obliged to subsist upon a regular elephant diet of hay and grain. The milk taken from Hebe since the weaning began is freely drank by the show employees. Prof. Arstingstall, who has charge of the elephants, says he has grown quite fond of it. It is thicker and richer than cows' milk, he says, and has a consistency and flavor suggesting the milk of the coconut. About a gallon of it is drunk daily by the attendants of the establishment.

## TABLE TALK.

A farm of 1,500 acres in Barry county Missouri, is to be devoted to the breeding of mules.

An Indianapolis bigamist was only seventeen at first marriage and nineteen at second.

The betting against Mr. Pierre Lorillard's Gerald for the Derby for next year is only 7 to 1.

Patti had one crowded house in Boston, but the second did not fill all the seats of the Music Hall, though large enough to yield over \$5,000.

Easton, Pa., counts up twenty-five boys who have been rendered permanent cripples by attempting to jump on railroad trains while in motion.

A funny man at Jackson, Mich., put a cast-iron bullock on a log in the river, and the boys threw stones at it all day without discovering why it didn't plunge.

A young man of Delano, Minn., carried a bottle of deadly poison in the pocket with his chewing tobacco. The fluid escaped, impregnated the tobacco, and killed the chewer.

A persevering dog on the scent of a coon raised such a disturbance around the Ridgely church in Caroline county, Md., that the Sunday evening service had to be abandoned when half through.

The high prices of provisions in Canada are driving very many French Canadian families to the New England States. They seek manufacturing towns.

In Knoxville, Tenn., the sale of parlor matches has been strictly forbidden by the city council, and in Charleston, S. C., all matches except the old "lucifers" are condemned as dangerous.

Two Philadelphia mechanics claim to have discovered a device for running street cars by a series of powerful steel springs. At the end of each trip the car is to be wound up like a clock.

It has lately been discovered that Denver has in its vicinity every essential for the manufacture of fine glass, including sand closely resembling that which gives French plate glass its superiority.

Miss Fargo, the heiress of \$6,000,000, made by her father in Wells & Fargo's express, was secretly married three months ago to Lieutenant H. G. Squires, U. S. A. The ceremony was performed at Hampton, Md., by the Rev. Mr. Gravatt.

Party feeling was allowed, at Pittsfield, Ill., to enter into a murder trial so far that a Republican procession celebrated the prisoner's acquittal, while a Democratic procession hanged Judge and jury in effigy.

By applying a current of electricity through a new curling iron, a regular degree of heat is obtained, which is said to be much less injurious to the hair than the old-fashioned curling iron or slate pencil.

A prominent Connecticut man recently remarked: "Under the old charter it was the old ministers who ruled Connecticut; since then it has been the lawyers, but now, it is the men of iron and brass."

One thousand Italian immigrants in Texas were lately obliged to lie in tents on straw, and without covering, during a rainy spell of three weeks. They found no work on landing, having been deluded by emigrant frauds.

The mother of a supposed dead infant at Champaign, Ill., interrupted the funeral services by crying out that her little one was alive, and so it was, though she alone had detected the slight signs of vitality. Resuscitation was effected.

In 1873 a public coffee house was established in London for the purpose of checking intemperance, and to-day there are over 160 such enterprises in England, mostly in London. They receive the hearty praise of the church and the substantial aid of the respectable classes.

This is what happens when women vote in Springfield, Mass.: "A sudden change came over the scene as two women entered. Profanity ceased, loud talk was hushed, and as the fair voters tiptoed across the tobacco-stained floor, the crowd about the boxes politely divided to give them room."

Frank Hauke was one of the foremost of Chicago Socialists. He made speeches denouncing capital and urging poor men to plunder the rich in order to make an equal division of property. Still, when he owed \$60, which he could not pay, he felt his obligation so keenly that he committed suicide.

A banking office was opened at Grafton, Dakota, and a big safe purchased to put in it. The supposed weight was three tons, but it proved to be seven, and the cost of drawing it to Grafton, with horses, oxen, men and broken wagons was so great that there was no money left to keep in it, and the banker was bankrupt.

A few days ago a large meteoric stone which seemed to come from a point in the Hauler directly over the mountains on the Savoyard side of the Luse, fell with a tremendous report in the market place of Vevey, in Switzerland. It was sufficiently large to have crushed any house upon which it might have chanced to alight.

The province of Manitoba is greatly agitated by the fear that nearly all the railway charters granted by the Legislature at Winnipeg, will be disallowed by the Dominion Government in order to secure a monopoly of the carrying trade to the Canada Pacific. Semi-official information states that no road whatever except the Canada Pacific will be allowed to approach within fifteen miles of the international boundary.

Astonishing fertility is claimed for the soil of Colorado. A vegetable gardener, who owns twenty acres of land near Canon City, is reported by the Denver Journal to have raised 80,000 head of cabbage of the largest size upon his small tract. He shipped the



# WHY DELAY PURCHASING

## Holiday Goods,

Until the last hour, when you are well aware that you must go in with the rush, take what is left, or what ever you can get, regardless of whether appropriate or not. After the vexation of last year, you said it should never happen again; you would never again defer purchasing holiday presents to the last day. But you will; you have already forgotten all about the jam and discomfort attending your hurry, and the unsatisfactory disadvantage of delaying until every one is moving in the same direction. This may all be avoided by making a timely visit to the

## "WHEN"

Where, out of our immense stock, your ever want may be supplied. We have a large and magnificent line of men's youth's, boy's and children's

## CLOTHING

Of our own manufacture, and a perfect avalanche of goods, such as hats, silk plush and fur fine caps; fine kid cloth and buck gloves and mitts; fine hosiery and underwear. The largest line of fine silk and linen kid's, ties and scarfs ever displayed by any house in the county; cuff and collar buttons, and a great variety of elegant and useful Holiday Goods; such articles as will be more highly appreciated than the worthless trinkets and gim-cracks in which you invested last year. Come during this and next week if you wish to avoid the crowd and jam.

OWEN PIXLEY & CO.

Proprietors When Store,

### The Greencastle Banner.

GEO. J. LANGSDALE,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Greencastle, Indiana,

THURSDAY, DEC. 29, 1881.

### TERMS for the BANNER

One year.....\$1.50  
Six months......75  
Three months......35  
One month......15  
Twenty-five cents additional when delivered by carrier.  
Advertising Rates.  
Locals, 10 cents a line first insertion; 5 cents a line for each additional insertion.  
Marriage notices, 10 cents a line.  
Obituaries, or "In Memoriam" resolutions, 5 cents a line.  
Cards of thanks, 10 cents a line.  
Displayed and long-time advertisements at special rates.

### Vote "No!"

On the 13th of next month the proposed railroad subsidy of \$58,000 will be voted upon in this township. If it carries it will more than double every one's taxes, for while the sum asked for is only two per cent. of the taxables, still, there are always many delinquents, and the amount these fail to pay will be collected off those who do pay. It will advance the price of rents, for it is thus that the landlord will get the money to pay his increased tax. It will cause an advance in the price of provisions and produce in the city, until after the road is built, thus operating injuriously against poor men. It will prevent the building of free gravel roads for many years. It will not increase the price of labor, for, rather than permit that, the company would bring laborers from elsewhere to remain after the road is completed and keep wages reduced for years in this locality.

The conduct of the company in the past has been such as to create suspicion against it. Apparently with only limited capital itself, where does it get the money with which to carry elections? Undoubtedly there is a strong corporation behind it, furnishing the sinews of war, and ready to absorb it when the right time comes, as the L. B. & W. has just swallowed the L. D. & S., running through the northern part of the county, by means of a lease to last ninety-nine years.

When subsidies were being worked up for the Bainbridge road a gentleman living in Parke county was told that if he would assist in getting an affirmative vote in his township, the company would repay him the amount of his tax, and do him other favors in addition. His manly answer was—"I will commit no such outrage upon my neighbors." Should a similar proposition be made to any one here, pending the election in this township, we have no doubt but that they would make the same honorable response.

Some of the gentlemen who sign petition to the Commissioners, the election be held, will be. But it was an error of omission at all, for one to have been deemed not right to put the expense of repeated

elections in order that a corporation may have additional opportunities to overcome a majority.

A number of our citizens who permanently invested considerable sums in the L. & St. L. railway, through having sold goods on credit to the contractors, can testify to the little faith which can be put in the promises of corporations. Those who have an idea that the shops of the proposed new railroad would be located here, should consult these gentlemen.

One gentleman, when asked why he was opposed to the subsidy, answered that it was because of his experience in Kansas several years ago, when many of the counties of that State were mortgaged for all they were worth to the railroads. He said this indebtedness had been the one great incubus on the people of that State, and had done more to injure it than all other causes combined, and that the very thought of a railroad subsidy made him cringe with apprehension.

Fifty-eight thousand dollars is a large sum. The corporation that seeks it can afford to expend a good many thousand dollars to secure it, and still make money in the end. And having determined on a second effort, after having failed once, we may rest assured that no means will be left untaken to obtain the coveted prize. For these reasons we call upon the people to arouse themselves and vote down the subsidy with such an overwhelming majority that we will not again be put to the expense of an election on this question, and as will teach corporations to hereafter offer us something like a fair equivalent for our money when they ask for a donation from this township.

The Council is Republican.—Times.

We suppose that this includes Mr. Ratliff, the member from the First Ward; and Mr. Catherwood, elected by the Council as school trustee in the place of Mr. Anderson; and Mr. Daggy, elected as city engineer over his Republican competitor; and Mr. Crow, elected as city attorney in recognition of his services in assisting to elect Mr. Ratliff over a Union soldier and Republican. And, if the Council is Republican, what shall we call Mr. Blake and Mr. Riley, who are in the minority? As the Times recognizes, no standard by which to measure a man's politics, how can it presume to say to which party the Council belongs? In this declaration that paper gives an insight into its own real character; its Republicanism is of the same kind as that which controls the Council. If that body is Republican, the Republican party is responsible for its reckless and often illegal proceedings. This would be a fearful load, and against its assumption we enter an indignant and decided protest. Practically it is a Democratic body, since on all political issues the Democracy have controlled it. The Republicans of

Greencastle can not, and will not, allow themselves to be put in a false position before the country on this subject.

The law of April 9, 1881, concerning the purchase of toll roads, provides that where lands have been assessed under the act of March 3, 1877, for the purpose of constructing free gravel roads, they shall be exempt from taxation for the purpose of purchasing toll roads. It would be well for the land owners in those parts of the county where there are no gravel roads to make a special note of this provision, and to go to work at once to build their free gravel roads under the act of March 3, 1877, for in that event they will not be subject to taxation for the purpose of buying the toll roads now in existence in the county, and their money will be expended in improving the roads that will be of the greatest benefit to them. The farmers living on the dirt roads should give this provision especial attention and bend every energy to take advantage of it while they can. The law limits the principal of the outstanding debt, created for the purpose of building these roads, to one hundred thousand dollars. As this indebtedness is paid off, additional bonds can be issued, so as to keep the amount up fully to the above sum.

Several of the leading newspapers of the country have passed into the hands of such monopolists as Jay Gould and W. H. Vanderbilt, it having been discovered by these gentlemen that the press has great power, discreetly handled, to further their schemes for oppressing the people. By having papers of their own they hope to control and direct the thought of the Nation. And these cormorants are having imitators in some of the smaller towns. Having a base purpose to consummate, and fearing the influence of honest journals, which are the best safe-guards of both public and private interests, they buy an established paper and prostitute it to their own use; or, failing in that, expend a portion of their wealth in buying material, contributing a fund, and starting a paper for the purpose of crushing the one they could not buy, so as to have no troublesome obstacle in their way. With a clear sea, all is then fair sailing for them. But sometimes the old paper does not "crush," and it still remains true, now as of old, that "The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley."

A gentleman residing in this county informs us that several numbers of a county paper have been sent him without so much as asking his permission. He says that he would like to have some voice in selecting his "reading matter," and thinks that he is entitled to that much liberty, at least. But our friend don't understand it. This city is so fortunate as to possess two or three individuals who regard it as their own peculiar prerogative to say what the people shall or shall not read, and, having appointed themselves censors of the press, after the manner of other despots, they now proceed one step further, and themselves supply the newspaper which their dutiful subjects are permitted to read. What a convenience! It saves the people the labor of thought, and thus lifts a burden from their minds! In their own view, these two or three individuals rise to the dignity of public benefactors. It is said that the public does not appreciate their efforts, for, somehow, "the old thing won't work."

There has been some surprise expressed that a paper claiming to be edited in Heaven should condone such a wicked murder as that of Ben Lynch; but that surprise will disappear when it is known that certain of the attorneys for the murderers are the proprietors of the editor of that paper. Jay Gould has his organs to assist him in preying upon the public, and so, too, some smaller men must have their organ to assist them in making public opinion in favor of their desperate cases, regardless of its damaging effect upon society. This accounts for their hatred of the BANNER, which stands as a roaring lion in their path, on every necessary

occasion, defending the public interests. And if the BANNER should ever become popular with that class of men, we warn the people that it will then be time for them to beware of it.

A paper edited in Heaven ought not to have "lie" written all over it; it ought not claim to be impersonal and at the same time attack its neighbors by cowardly innuendo; it ought not gain subscribers by its publisher claiming to be opposed to a railroad subsidy, and at the same time saying never a word against the subsidy in his paper for fear of incurring the displeasure of his masters who favor it; it ought not to announce that it publishes the petition to the County Commissioners for the railroad election, as an advertisement, when the fact is that it is not an advertisement, but is published gratuitously at the request of an official of the company; it ought not to claim to be Republican and at the same time be under the control of a syndicate which did all in its power to destroy the Republican party in this city last spring. Bah! The pretense is a slander on Heaven.

So far as we know there is no disposition here to encourage the building of free turnpikes for the exclusive benefit of Greencastle, and to the damage of other towns in the county. Of course Greencastle would naturally be the center of such a system of roads, just as she now is of mud roads; but so, also, ought to be Cloverdale, Bainbridge, Russellville, Fillmore, and every other trading point in the county. There is no occasion for jealousy in this enterprise, and there should be none. A grand opportunity is at hand to pick Putnam county up out of the mud. Will it be done?

A correspondent says he thinks it would be just as proper for the townships to vote him so much money to build a residence, as to vote the proposed railroad subsidy. The new residence would be an improvement, and those who would oppose voting money to build it, according to the reasoning of the railroaders, would be against improving the town! See it? He says, further, that as the railroad company will get the profits, he is in favor of the company building the road, instead of the people.

To the staunch and true friends of the BANNER we wish a happy New Year. May their lines fall in pleasant places, and good cheer be with them all through life! And even to our enemies we hope that this happy season may bring only peace, and joy, and plenty; that its blessings may come alike to the just and the unjust, for "man to man, the world o'er, shall brothers be for a' that."

Capt. J. E. M. O'Hair, of Brick Chapel, so far, stands at the head of the list, having brought in a club of thirty-one subscribers for the BANNER, eleven of whom belong to his own family. May the O'Hairs never decrease, but grow and multiply as the sands on the sea shore!

A letter from Indianapolis informs us that there is a probability of a large immigration to this state from Scotland. This sturdy race would be of great benefit to Indiana, and we have room for several hundred of them in Putnam county. Send them on.

The Times gravely announces that it is edited in Heaven, which leads us to conclude that it is published for the dead. This accounts for its grave-yard appearance and tomb-stone subscription list. Hark, from the tomb a doleful sound!

No one who owns a horse can afford to do without our horse book. We give it to all yearly subscribers. If any subscriber has been overlooked, and has not received it, he will please call upon us.

Jump into the BANNER wagon and ride with us during 1882. The fare is cheap and the entertainment will be good.

Every town in the county ought to become the center for a system of free gravel roads.

As usual our letter from India is bright and interesting.

The Wabash Plain Dealer has changed hands, at a valuation of \$8,000.

## JONES' ART GALLERY.

The undersigned, for years an employee in first-class art galleries, the last three years being spent in Cincinnati, has bought the HUSHER ART GALLERY of this city, and begs to say that he is prepared to do all kinds of work in the very best manner. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case. Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

## Send Your Orders For Fine Printing to Frank H. Smith & Co.

16 E Washington Street, Indianapolis.  
Particular and prompt attention given to orders received by mail.  
Respectfully, F. H. SMITH & CO.

## 50 Head Millinery

is to be found at  
E. C. Rowland's  
On East Washington Street.

Miss Rowland has been so long in the millinery business that she knows just what to buy. She studies the wants of her customers and governs her purchases accordingly. She has now beyond doubt the choicest line of goods for the

fall trade in the city. She invites new customers to become her patrons, and receive the benefit of her knowledge and experience. This is in fact the best place to buy goods in the millinery and notion line.

For Sale or Trade.  
Farm of 86 acres, 1 1/2 miles northwest of Greencastle, on Rockville road, flood house, stock water, from springs that never dry or freeze up. "A No. 1" for fruit, gardening or dairy. All in grass. Plenty of timber.  
L. R. RUDSILL.

STOCK TRADERS,  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

STONE WALKS,  
—AND—  
STONE WORK.

I have just received a car load of the best stone, and am prepared to lay walks, and will furnish steps, lintels, window sills, or do any kind of work required.  
I have opened a yard for this sort of work on the west side of the town on the New Albany railroad, and we are ready for orders.  
3152 DICK ROBERTS.

Fee & Kee  
PROPRIETORS OF THE  
Parlor Meat  
MARKET

North Side Square.  
The best place to buy your Beef.  
The best place to buy your Pork.  
The best place to buy your Sausage.  
The best place to sell your Hides.  
The best place to buy or sell anything in their line.  
We always pay cash for everything; we ask no time from any one.  
They propose to keep the cleanest, neatest and best market in the city, and don't you forget it.  
3mo46  
W. G. BURNETT.  
Boots, Shoes, Leather, &c.  
OPERA HOUSE BUILDING.  
THE PLACE FOR BARGAINS.  
Exclusive Dealer in Reynolds' Fine Shoes. Cloyes' best fine shoes. Also Goodger & Armstrong's celebrated Shoes for Ladies and Misses.

Headquarters for the splendid lines of Boots & Shoes from Hartford, La Fayette and Cincinnati.  
The place for a full line of Rubber Boots, Shoes and Overs, at bottom prices.  
An immense stock of Solar Tip Shoes for children. The best in the market.  
All Summer Goods at greatly reduced prices, to make room for Fall and Winter stock.  
1yr30  
STOP that SMOKE  
H. S. Renick & Co.  
Are now manufacturing and putting up  
Barker's  
Chimney Top  
AND  
VENTILATOR,  
(Patented Oct. 28, 1879)

Nothing Succeeds Like Success.  
"Goods well bought are half sold."  
"A nimble sixpence always beats a slow shilling."  
South Russellville for bargains.  
Harter's Cheap Store the place.  
Charlie Breed and Henry Grimes the salesmen.  
Stock replenished almost daily.  
All goods marked in plain figures.  
Holiday goods just in.  
Undersold by no other house, anywhere.  
Rock bottom prices on everything sold.  
Millinery department a splendid success.  
All kinds of produce taken in exchange.  
Respectfully,  
D. HARTER.

McL. WASSON,  
At the "Old Durham Stand."  
You will find a full stock of General Merchandise, consisting of Dry Goods, Notions, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes. A full line of Groceries, all of which will be sold at reasonable figures. "Low prices and square dealing" is our motto. Country Produce taken in exchange for goods. Don't fail to call and see our stock, and if you purchase we guarantee you to receive the worth of your money. The oldest stock we have ever kept.

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NOW ARRIVING AT  
**ALLEN'S DRUG STORE**  
A LARGE STOCK OF FANCY GOODS SUITABLE FOR  
**HOLIDAY PRESENTS!**

Call and examine our goods, as we expect to have the greatest variety at the lowest prices.

**B. F. HAYS & CO.,**  
**MERCHANT TAILORS**  
Ready-Made Clothing.  
**The CELEBRATED 'STAR SHIRT,'**  
HATS, TRUNKS, VALISES, UMBRELLAS,  
Neck Wear, Linen and Paper Collars.  
Laundry Agents.  
Collars and Cuffs sent every Tuesday and returned on Saturday.  
No. 8, WASHINGTON STREET, Greencastle, Indiana.

**RAILROAD TIME TABLE.**

Indianapolis & St. Louis.

NEW YORK EXPRESS, 10 A. M. 12:30 P. M.  
ST. LOUIS EXPRESS, 9:30 A. M. 10:30 P. M.  
DAY EXPRESS, 5:30 P. M. 10:30 P. M.  
A. P. HARRISON, Agent.

**VANDALIA TIME CARD,**  
(Taking effect Dec. 18, 1881.)

STATIONS.	ARRIVE.	LEAVE.
Indianapolis	11:00 P. M.	11:10 P. M.
Clarksville	11:30 P. M.	11:40 P. M.
Ellettsville	12:00 A. M.	12:10 A. M.
Greencastle	12:30 A. M.	12:40 A. M.
Terre Haute	1:00 A. M.	1:10 A. M.
St. Louis	1:30 A. M.	1:40 A. M.
Indianapolis	11:00 P. M.	11:10 P. M.
Clarksville	11:30 P. M.	11:40 P. M.
Ellettsville	12:00 A. M.	12:10 A. M.
Greencastle	12:30 A. M.	12:40 A. M.
Terre Haute	1:00 A. M.	1:10 A. M.
St. Louis	1:30 A. M.	1:40 A. M.



**The Greencastle Banner.**

**LOCAL DEPARTMENT.**

Maj. Birch is still sick.  
Mrs. G. W. Bainum is sick.  
Will Bosson is in Louisville.  
Mrs. John Hanna is recovering.  
Joe Baker spent Christmas at Chicago.  
Joe Hammond, son of Cal., has diphtheria.  
Ed. Sheridan is home on a holiday visit.  
Capt. J. F. Fee is in Owen county this week.  
B. P. Coleman has returned from Madison.  
Jesse Weik went to Indianapolis yesterday.  
Mrs. Julia Corwin is visiting at Crawfordville.  
T. G. Bowman will join his family here Saturday.  
Miss Missouri Weik is visiting friends at Shelbyville.  
Jerome Allen is in Cincinnati on business this week.  
H. S. Renick and wife spent Christmas at Louisville.  
Vaccination is the chief occupation of the physicians now.  
Frank Shelby is dangerously ill with typhoid fever.  
Dr. Marine returned from a visit to Logansport Saturday.  
Miss Susie Farrow is home from Lawrenceburg for the holidays.  
Miss Nellie Truett is spending the holiday with friends in Ohio.  
Bob Black spent last week in Illinois. He went to Fowler yesterday.  
Miss Kitty Hanna is here from Indianapolis to spend vacation.  
A milder Christmas than we have had this year is probably not on record.  
Miss Driscoll, the trimmer at J. W. Beck's, left for Bedford Monday.  
Miss Edna Nicholson returned to her home in Crawfordville last Saturday.

The school house, one mile west of Cloverdale, burned Tuesday night with all its contents.

Prayer meetings are being held each evening at the Christian church this week and will continue through next week. A revival meeting is anticipated soon.

Mell. W. Miller and wife, of LaFayette, who have made quite an extended visit here, went home Monday, accompanied by Mrs. A. M. Puett and daughter.

James T. Davis is just completing a fine residence for William Brown, three miles north of Cloverdale. His contract for the carpenter work amounted to \$3,800.

Samuel H. Vansant, who recently removed here from Clinton, is a son-in-law of R. M. Hazelett, with whom he is residing. He will make this his permanent residence.

Last Friday was the 30th marriage anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. John Burley. They were the recipients of a beautiful silver castor as a present from Mrs. Harry Burley.

W. Mason and wife, of Floyd township, were agreeably entertained by a number of neighbors who spent Christmas with them. Mr. Mason will go west to prospect soon.

J. E. Sherrill, the well-known school-book publisher of Danville, passed through town Saturday on his way to Jefferson township to spend Christmas with his father, Elder Sherrill.

A temperance revival began at Blue Ribbon hall last night and will continue until after New Year's. Those who want to swear off will now have an opportunity of doing so publicly.

The new officers of the Presbyterian Sunday School are as follows: Superintendent, J. A. Allison; Assistant Superintendent, Eben Black; Secretary, Emma Kiefer; Treasurer, Jesse Weik.

No "horrible murder" occurred at Cloverdale on Saturday night a week ago, as was reported by a city paper. The Lynch murder occurred six miles west of Cloverdale on Sunday morning, the 16th inst.

Attorneys are vigorously at work collecting evidence by which they expect to clear the Young boys of murder. They evidently have a big task before them. The fees in the case have been secured already.

A man walking on the I. & St. L. road this side of Carbon, Sunday, discovered a broken rail and flagged an approaching passenger train just in time for it to stop at the rail. The conductor gave the man a silver half dollar.

President Martin, and almost all of the members of Asbury faculty, have been attending the State College Association at Indianapolis this week. Dr. Martin made an address of great merit, and the rest participated in the discussions.

Wilbur Sheridan will close his connection with the "When" this week, and will be succeeded by Albert Longdon. Wilbur will visit in Parke county next week, and will commence his studies in college with the beginning of the term.

Caleutta sharpened Robert Howard, of Franklin township, out of \$5 Monday, and was incarcerated on a charge of larceny. He will doubtless get a home at Jeffersonville now, which will be very agreeable to all concerned. Howard was also incarcerated for drunkenness.

Black Brothers have recently bought two pairs of unusually good horses, one being a pair of Clydesdales, raised in this county, for which they paid \$400. It would add much to the wealth of the county if all our farmers would raise such valuable horses instead of the cheaper class.

The BANNER that waves for all is appreciated by those who are in search of a medium to advertise their wares. Our issue of the 15th contained 191 separate advertisements and that of last week 176. Each week there were about two columns of advertisements left over for want of space.

The prosperity of Locust Street church is shown by the fact that the attendance at the Sunday school two weeks ago was 244, and the collection \$20.69. The attendance last Sunday was 196 and the collection \$8.97. We doubt if there are many schools that can make a better showing than that.

Mrs. Ben. Durham and her mother, Mrs. Williams, were thrown from their buggy on North Jackson street yesterday. Mrs. Williams sustained a fracture of the right limb just above the ankle. She was taken to Ratliff & Grubb's lumber office, where Dr. Smythe administered to her, and was afterwards removed to her home.

Keeping open house at the BANNER office paid last Saturday, and will be repeated next Saturday; also on New Year's day, and all of next week.

**YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS IT.**

My goods are desirable, useful and appropriate, and just what you want for yourself or friend. They are real

**Elegant,  
Chaste,  
Artistic,  
Unique,  
Superior,  
Stylish, and  
Prices Low.**

**A. R. Brattin,  
Jeweler!**  
Greencastle, Spencer & Danville.

Charley Jones, the young man who was taken to the insane asylum last week, was asked why he made the demand of the Governor for the State House keys. His answer was that he was going by there and heard "that fellow, Bill Roberts, making a speech, and thought he would go in and say something, too." The magnetic power of Bill's speeches may be the means of driving others insane yet!

The free highway meeting will convene at the Court House next Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, when rules and regulations and a plan of work will be reported. All are alike interested, and by working harmoniously together, much can be accomplished. It is the one question in which there is no politics, so all can join hands and work for the common good. Do not fail to attend the meeting.

Our \$40,000 jail contained fourteen inmates Monday night, including four murderers, one tramp, two for assault and battery, one for petit larceny, one for adultery, and five for intoxication. One of the latter was a woman, named Mollie James, from LaFayette. Martin L. Mullinix, of Reelsville, having failed to give bond for his recent cutting affray now languishes in the jail with the rest of the motley group.

Judge Coffey had for his Christmas gift the following flattering testimonial from the jury which served during the term of Court just closed:

DECEMBER 23, 1881.  
Judge Silas D. Coffey,  
We, the Jury, hereby express to your Honor our sincere thanks for the uniform courtesy and kindness you have extended to us during the present term of court, and wish you long life and happiness.  
A. J. FARROW,  
Foreman.

Benjamin Lynch was 38 years old. He had two married sisters in Terre Haute, Hannah B. Payton and Nancy Payton. The former accompanied by her husband and Alex. Arnold are in the city now arranging for counsel to aid the prosecution. They will claim the body of Lynch and remove it to the spot where it was first buried, by the side of his mother. They are very indignant over the affair and would have been here ere now had Mrs. Payton not been sick.

**Christmas Presents,**  
Consisting of  
**The Useful and the Beautiful**  
In great variety at the  
**Cheap Cash Store**  
OF  
**G. W. CORWIN.**

We are now adding to our large stock a line of goods particularly suitable for the

**HOLIDAY TRADE!**  
SILK AND LINEN,  
EMBROIDERED AND INITIAL  
**Handkerchiefs,**  
Ties, Fichues, Collarets,  
Gloves, Mittens, Tidies,  
Scarfs, Hoods, Towels,  
Damask and Turkey Red  
Table Covers, &c., &c.

You will also find the finest assortment of

**Dress Goods,**  
The choicest and cheapest line of  
**Cloaks & Dolmans,**

The greatest variety of Elegant SHAWLS, the richest display of HOSIERY, the best assortment of LACES, FANNETTERIES, PLUSHES AND FUR, and the largest stock, lowest prices, and choicest Patterns in CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS at the CHEAP CASH STORE OF  
**G. W. CORWIN.**

Miss "Cece" Bainum, daughter of Rev. G. W. Bainum, was married in this city, Tuesday, to Mr. W. F. Baker, of Chicago. Those present from abroad were: Prof. and Mrs. O. J. Bainum, Olney, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Bainum, Fort Scott, Kan.; Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Fletcher and Miss Betsey Richards, Bunker Hill, Ill.; Miss Lulu Richards, St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Gertrude Hays, Grand Ridge, Ill. The presents were numerous and valuable, the most-prized being a gold watch and chain presented by the groom to the bride just before the ceremony. In their happiness they did not forget to compliment the BANNER. May happiness and prosperity always be theirs!

Philip Amey, a brakeman on the New Albany road, fell between two freight cars at Cloverdale on Wednesday night of last week, receiving injuries which are very serious if not fatal. One of the wheels of a car loaded with lumber rolled upon his body and had to be pushed off before he could be extricated. He was brought to this city and was apparently not injured much, a BANNER reporter having called upon him at Sage's hotel a few minutes after his arrival, and found him walking around enjoying a conversation with his companions. After going to bed, however, the effects of his injuries were more marked, and he has not yet been able to leave his room. His home is in Salem, and his father has arrived to remove him thence as soon as he is able to stand the task, if such a time should arrive.

The twenty-first annual meeting of the Indiana State Horticultural Society held a three days meeting in the city school building in Muncie last week. There was a good membership present, and representatives from Ohio and Minnesota. Putnam County was represented by R. S. Ragan, J. H. Priest, J. W. Ragan and W. A. Workman. There was a creditable display of fruits, vegetables, plants, etc. Important changes were made in the constitution, one fixing the time of meeting on the first Tuesday of December, instead of the third, as heretofore. Another, allowing members of local societies to become members of the State Society by paying fifty cents each additional. The leading officers were re-elected. C. M. Hobbs was elected Vice President for this district instead of J. W. Ragan. The latter was elected delegate to Illinois. The society was entertained in the best possible manner by the citizens of Muncie and vicinity. The next meeting will be held at Greencastle.

**Here During the Holidays—**

Mr. and Mrs. Will Fletcher, of Marion county, at D. L. Southard's.  
George Stillwagon, of Iowa, at Dexter Catler's.  
Rev. J. W. and Mrs. Harris, of Crawfordville, and Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Tennant, of Terre Haute, at D. C. Donohue's.  
Mr. and Mrs. Flint Tennant, of Cloverdale, at J. G. Tennant's.  
Miss Josie Searce, of Danville, at Capt. Blake's.  
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Culler, of Indianapolis, at D. H. McAbbe's.  
Mr. Johnson and family at John Ireland's.  
Mrs. Alice Brown Meacham, of Tip-ton, at Judge Brown's.  
Isaac T. McCarty, of Garnett, Kan., at A. Brockway's.  
Rufus Allen, of Indianapolis, at Russell Allen's.  
Mrs. Tannie Knapp and son, of Illinois, at Capt. Blake's.  
Dennis Shea, of Jeffersonville.  
J. C. Wylie, of Bloomington, at Capt. J. F. Fee's.  
Mr. Mrs. Felix McWhirter, of Indianapolis, at Mrs. Susan D. Smith's.  
Mrs. Asa Black, of Hendricks county, at J. A. Curtis's.  
H. H. Constable and wife, of Ellettsville, at H. C. Lewis's.  
Prof. Henry Riddpath, of Paxton, Ill., at Laura Kelly, of the Spencer schools, at A. T. Kelly's.  
George Ames, of Indianapolis, at Mrs. Ames's.  
Mrs. W. W. Jones, of San Pierre, at her daughter's, Mrs. Jesse Richardson.  
George Wyson and wife, of Lafayette.  
Mrs. Mary Curtis, of Indianapolis, and Mrs. Kate Stillwell, Pearl Depot, Ill., at James Curtis's.  
James M. Smith and wife, and Eli Smith and wife, of Henry county, at R. L. McMeans's.  
Dr. H. S. Langdon, Noble, Ill., at J. K. and D. Langdon's.  
Charley McKee, of Indianapolis, at Mrs. McKee's.  
Mrs. Harry Lammier, of Logansport, at R. C. Larimer's.  
Mrs. John W. Meacham, of Rockville, at J. B. DeMotte's.  
Mrs. H. D. Washburne, of Clinton, at Mrs. Washburne's.  
Richard Crouch, of the Bowling Green schools, at Mrs. Crouch's.  
Miss Josie Harris, of Spencer, at L. H. Rudisill's.  
Mr. and Mrs. Mel. Miller, of Lafayette, at Mrs. Puett's.  
Charley Allen, of Indianapolis, at Ed. Allen's.  
Mrs. T. G. Bowman and sons, at Mrs. Lee's.  
Will Taylor and Charley Finney, of Indianapolis, at James Taylor's.  
Miss Hereth, of Indianapolis, at Col. Jordan's.  
Miss Lizzie Ames, of the Indianapolis schools, at Mrs. Ames's.

**Greencastle as a Watering Place and Summer Resort.**

One of the results of the agitation of free gravel roads is the awakening of our people to the manifold advantages by which they are surrounded. All at once they discover that the country is full of undeveloped wealth, and that not only one, but many, opportunities to make the county what it ought to be, have been neglected during our long slumber. One of the most important of these discoveries is that Greencastle could easily be made a summer resort and watering place. For some time past a few of our citizens have been considering this subject, and the result is a firm conviction that no more profitable enterprise could be undertaken by our people.

It is well known here, but scarcely known at all outside of the county, that there are in the immediate vicinity of Greencastle, a number of mineral springs, equal in valuable constituents to any of the celebrated mineral springs of the United States. A quantitative analysis of the water of these springs was made by Prof. E. T. Cox, late State Geologist, and the result is given in his annual report for the year 1870. It appears, also, that, in some way, perhaps through the report of Prof. Cox, the character of these springs has become known to scientific gentlemen in the East, and the result is that in an article in the American Cyclopaedia, entitled "Mineral Springs," and written by V. Precht, the "Greencastle springs" are included in a short list of the "most noted Chalybeate springs in the United States."

The water subjected to analysis by Prof. Cox, was taken from the "McLain Springs," just outside of the city. Recently other springs, supposed to be equally good, though somewhat different in character, have been discovered upon the lands of Henry Jordan, midway between the residence of that gentleman and the foot of College Avenue. Fortunately all these springs are in the same neighborhood, and could be easily thrown into one enclosure for watering-place purposes.

The proposition we have referred to contemplates the purchase of the McLain property and about 80 acres off the north end of Jordan's farm, and the organization of a joint stock company for the purpose of converting the premises into a summer resort and watering place.

Some features of the plan of the proposed improvement are—two entrances, one at the foot of College Avenue and one at the corner of the grounds near the mill; a double track, graded road-way on the north side of the stream which flows through the place, running down the valley to the McLain springs, ascending the bluff at that point or still lower down and returning to the entrance by a route along the top of the bluff and past Jordan's springs; the building of a large hotel; the construction of a line of summer cottages on the bluff; the damming of the creek for the purpose of making one or more lakes, and the beautifying of the grounds by constructing walks, rustic bridges, houses, etc.

The advantages of such an enterprise are apparent: It would bring to Greencastle, for the summer months at least, a class of people with whom our people would be glad to associate. It would bring more money to the county than any other single enterprise that we can think of. It would enable us to display the great natural advantages of our city and county to the visitors to the springs, the very class of persons whom we seek to reach. Some of these people would in all probability remain among us to school their children, to engage in manufacturing, farming or trade, or to enjoy the constant use of the waters. It would make Greencastle at the summer resort country the most desirable place for permanent residence in the State. It would give our city a splendid park for walking and driving, and easy access to the health-giving waters which are now so near to and yet so far from us. It would make an increased demand for labor, give a better market for farm products, increase the trade of merchants, grocers and shopkeepers, and be of especial benefit to every individual resident of the city and its vicinity. The advantages to strangers can be best illustrated by taking Indianapolis as an example. To reach the watering places of this State, which Indianapolis people visit, requires nearly an entire day, and frequent and vexatious transfers from one railroad line to another. To reach our springs would require but one hour, so that if business men summering here should be called home upon important business, they could reach their homes or places of business at almost any hour of the day after an hour's ride. Or if they preferred, they could go to their business in Indianapolis every day and return every evening, as some of our citizens do the year round. What we have said applies just as well to Terre Haute and other cities and towns within easy reach along our three railroads as it does to Indianapolis. Besides being accessible to so large a class of people, such a watering place would afford them a home during the hot months, in the healthiest and coolest part of the State, to say nothing of the leading properties of the springs. They would have, almost at their very doors, three railroad depots, telegraph offices, several daily mails, fine churches, able and experienced physicians, a bountifully supplied market and all the comforts which are to be obtained in our well-kept stores and shops. Another advantage, and an important one too, would be that in case of an excessive crowd of visitors, our city hotels and boarding houses would be near enough to care for the surplus guests, thus relieving the watering place of the greatest of all the curses that afflict our summer resorts. Such an enterprise has been detailed to us. Much more can and ought to be said upon this subject, but what we have given will place the matter before our people for reflection. The BANNER waves for the summer resort. Let the railroads which have so large an interest in the success of the movement and all our own citizens who would be so largely benefited by it, unite with the people of Indianapolis, Terre Haute, New Albany, Lafayette and intermediate towns and carry to a successful conclusion this most desirable undertaking.

**Marriage Licenses.**

Henry Rockaway and Mattie Walters.  
Frank Tenney and Nellie Hazzard.  
Walter F. Baker and Celestia Hazzard.  
Isaac N. Harmon and Sarah Ann Crookes.  
Daniel B. Connett and Mable M. Connett.  
Wm. H. Renick and Anna E. Renick.  
Samuel W. Dettmer and Mary E. Dettmer.



## PLEASURES OF SCHOOL TEACH- ING.

"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought;  
To teach the young idea how to shoot!"  
How sweet it is to watch the mind's unfold-  
ing, young thought and the guile-  
less word!  
To see where plastic characters are moulding—  
"Can I go out?" My lesson isn't heard!"  
Half-formed ideas through the young mind  
dittling—  
"Shan't George be still, marm?" Joseph  
keeps a spitting!"

There is a throng of glad young faces round  
me,  
Bright with the freshness of life's early  
spring.  
And books and slates and maps on all sides  
bound me,  
"Shan't them girls stop? They're playing  
with a string!"  
And eager looks and minds intent on study—  
"Jim pushed me down and got my books  
all muddy!"

No shade of earthly sorrow e'er has clouded  
their bright, bright lives, so innocent and  
fair—  
"Please, marm, make John move down, my  
seat is crowded!"  
No grief or sadness—"Sammy pulled my  
hair?"  
Existence is to them all sunny weather—  
"Bill's been a pinching!"—No, I haven't  
neither!"

A precious charge to me has been entrusted,  
The guidance of each young immortal  
mind—  
"Can't write with the steel pen! Its got all  
rusty!"  
To foolish gentle thoughts and feelings  
kind,  
To lead them in the path which heaven  
pleases,  
"My spelling book has got torn all to  
pieces!"

Oh! for more strength, more gentleness of  
spirit!  
More wisdom in the better way to guide—  
"I've got my lesson, now! Oh, please to  
hear it!"  
More patience to endure when "this betide,"  
"Jim Taylor gave my arm a good  
shake!"  
Oh, such confusion! School may be dis-  
missed.  
—Teacher in Troy Telegraph.

## TWO SECRETS.

BY SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

"You don't mean it, Hetty?"  
Loyd Sutton, a good looking, manly  
young fellow, leaning on the half-  
open field-gate, looked earnestly in the  
face of the of the young girl on the  
opposite side of the fence.  
She shrank from meeting his eye as  
she answered:  
"I am not accustomed to saying  
what I don't mean."  
He made no answer. Hetty scratched  
industriously with a bit of wild rose  
stem upon the trunk of the beech tree  
which overshadowed them. Suddenly  
she discovered that she was uncon-  
sciously tracing over the initials L. S.  
and H. W.—the latter her own, cut in  
the beech bark. She hastily withdrew  
her hand, and threw away the rose stem.

"Do you remember what you said to  
me, Hetty, the day I cut those letters?"  
asked the young man.  
"Something foolish, I dare say," she  
answered, with affected carelessness.  
"You told me you loved me," he said  
in a low voice.  
Hetty stooped and plucked a head of  
clover.

"Perhaps I thought so then," she  
said, intently examining the blossoms.  
"And only discovered your mistake  
when this rich poplin from the city  
made his appearance," said Loyd, bit-  
terly.

She looked up with a flash of her  
dark eyes. She knew very well she  
was doing something unworthy of her,  
and lowering herself in Loyd's opinion,  
as well as causing him pain, and his  
reproach stung her.

"I have a right to like or dislike  
whom I please," she said haughtily.  
He seized an unlucky grasshopper  
which at that moment lighted near at  
hand, and savagely crushed it to death.  
Hetty looked at him in surprise. It  
was so unlike Loyd to deliberately hurt  
anything.

"You are cruel!" she said indig-  
nantly.  
"Not half so cruel as you, Hetty. I  
had no idea you were so heartless and  
mercenary."

"The word escaped him unawares."  
Hetty flushed hotly.  
"If that is your opinion of me you  
ought to be glad to have found me out  
in time," she said.

"Perhaps I ought," he retorted bit-  
terly.  
"Then I hope you will be satisfied, as  
I am?"

She gathered up the skirt of her blue  
lawn dress which had slipped away, Loyd  
passed through the gate and walked by  
her side along the grassy meadow path.

"I didn't mean to offend you, Hetty,"  
he said, in a more subdued tone.  
"I am not offended. I don't in the  
least care for your opinion of me," replied  
Hetty, biting her lip and turning away  
her face that he might not see the  
tears in her eyes.

They had reached a point where the  
pathway branched right and left, and  
coming along the latter was a pretty,  
fashionably-dressed middle-aged man,  
twisting a cane, with which he was  
decapitating the tall weeds and field  
daisies. On catching sight of Hetty  
he quickened his pace.

"Mr. Frisbee will see me home. I  
won't trouble you further, Mr. Sutton,"  
said Hetty, with an air of great dignity,  
as she took a step to the left.

Now, this left-hand track was the  
most direct and frequented way to  
Hetty's home; but the right-hand  
pathway, leading along the little  
stream and alder-hedge, had ever been  
the favorite with herself and Loyd.

The young man paused now, and  
standing just where the two diverged,  
said, in a low tone, agitated, yet full of  
decision:  
"Hetty, decide now, once for all.  
Will you keep on with me down this  
path, or will you go with Mr. Frisbee  
on the other? Choose?"

She hesitated, and her color went and  
came.  
"I have no right to speak to me  
so."  
"I have a right," he replied, firmly—  
the right to know whether the girl I  
love is false or true."

Hetty, like Loyd, was high-spirited,  
and his look and tone angered her.  
"Go your own way, and I will go  
mine!" she said, proudly.  
And without another word she  
turned down the pathway by which  
Mr. Frisbee was approaching.

Loyd, as he reached the gate, turned  
back to look at the two figures slowly  
vanishing along the green meadow.  
"I could never have dreamed of  
her," he thought. "I believed she  
loved me. And to cast me off for a  
fellow like that, whose greatest recom-

mendation is his wealth! Oh, Hetty,  
that I should have been so mistaken  
in you!"

And Mr. Frisbee, as he walked by  
Hetty's side, admiring her girlish  
beauty and her pretty, coquettish ways,  
and thinking how he would "show off"  
Loyd, that this girl, young enough to  
be his daughter, could possibly find in  
him any attraction save his wealth?

But poor Hetty, since her father died  
bankrupt, had experienced enough of  
poverty's ills, and heard enough from  
her mother and sisters to learn to look  
upon riches as the key that could  
open to her the golden store of life's  
pleasures.

Loyd could give her comfort and  
competence, but as Mrs. Frisbee she  
would have an elegant city residence,  
carriage and servants, balls in winter  
and watering-places in summer, with  
everything else that she might desire.

Not that she was light and frivolous,  
or longed for mere worldly pleasures;  
but for the time being the picture had  
dazzled her, and in her present angry  
and resentful mood against Loyd,  
what wonder that she listened to all  
that Mr. Frisbee had to say, and before  
she reached home had accepted the  
rich widower's proposal?

And yet somehow Hetty felt in her  
own heart that this was the most  
miserable evening she had ever spent.  
As the days went by, Hetty grew no  
happier in the contemplation of her  
brilliant prospects. She turned with a  
species of loathing from the man she  
had promised to wed, and her heart  
went out more and more to the lover  
whom she had discarded.

They sometimes met, but was distant  
and proud, and it was not for her  
to make advances. So she decided to  
let her engagement become publicly  
known, and one day went over to Mrs.  
Sutton's and asked Sue Sutton, Loyd's  
cousin, to be her bridesmaid.

"You ought hardly to expect it of  
me, Hetty," Sue said, with some spir-  
it. "I think you treated Loyd badly."

"How so?"  
"Because I know he loved you, and  
I used to think you loved him. You  
certainly did behave in a manner to  
encourage him."

"Perhaps we were mistaken in fan-  
cying that we loved each other."  
"If you were mistaken, Loyd wasn't."  
I have never seen a person so changed  
and so unhappy," said Sue, with tears  
in her eyes.

"He didn't appear to be unhappy  
last evening, flirting with Josephine  
Wills."

"Oh, that was merely put on! She  
flirted with him, and he humored her,  
as a blind. I know Loyd—how proud  
he is, and that he would never allow  
any one to suspect how he suffers.  
But when we came home from the  
party—where he had heard from Mrs.  
Carter that you were really engaged to  
that Mr. Frisbee—oh, Hetty, he looked  
so wretchedly, and we heard him  
walking up and down his room for  
hours, and losing a suit of his best!"

"I'm certain he did not sleep a wink all  
night!"  
"Where is he now?" asked Hetty, a  
little tremulously.

"I don't know. He went out before  
breakfast, and I haven't seen him  
since. I believe his heart is broken,  
and that he will pine away and die,  
or perhaps take his own life," said  
Sue, with tears in her eyes. "And he  
had been looking at your portrait,  
Hetty, for I found it on his table,  
propped up against a book."

"My portrait? Why he sent it back  
to me!"  
"Did he? Then this must be a  
copy. Wait a moment, and I will get  
it for you to see."

Sue was hardly out of the room,  
when Hetty heard a well-known step  
in the hall, and the next moment  
Loyd himself entered. Instinctively  
she had drawn back, and the great  
book-case screened her from his view.  
He did not, however, look around, but  
throwing himself into a chair, leaned  
back with closed eyes, and seeing him  
thus she was struck with the change  
in his appearance. His face was pale,  
and bore unmistakable traces of suffer-  
ing, repressed by the strong will which  
she knew he possessed. But now,  
alone as he thought himself, the strain  
seemed relaxed. He bowed his face in  
his hands and groaned.

Hetty's heart beat fast and the tears  
rushed into her eyes. Oh, if he would  
but bend from that stubborn pride, she  
would give up Mr. Frisbee, wealth,  
everything in the world, for his sake!  
But for her to make advances now?  
Loyd rose from his seat and walked  
across the room to the book-case. He  
shrank more closely into her corner,  
and the high-backed arm chair hid her.  
She heard him rummaging about be-  
hind the books on the shelves, and  
then she saw his arm extended to the  
light, holding up two glass vials. So  
near was she that she could distinctly  
read the labels, one of which was  
"Laudanum." This he thrust into his  
breast-pocket, and, seizing his hat,  
turned to leave the room. But at the  
door he paused, went back to the table,  
and, scratching a few hurried lines on  
a sheet of paper, left it lying open and  
went out.

Hetty, almost as pale as her lover,  
instantly sprang up, and, seizing the  
paper glanced over it, murmuring  
brokenly as she read:

"DEAR MOTHER: Can no longer  
bear—agony—seek relief—home—tell  
Johnny—take good care of you—go be-  
fore you meet me—"

Hetty was trembling all over; but  
now a great light, as of a sudden  
dawned upon her pale face, and  
without a pause she rushed from the  
room, crossed the lawn, and with light,  
swift steps followed the retreating  
figure down the road. She overtook  
him just as he turned the clump of  
cedars, near the stables. Was it there  
that he designed to commit this terri-  
ble deed?

Loyd turned, on hearing her breath-  
less call his name. He looked a good  
deal surprised at seeing her, no longer  
pale but flushed, and with disordered  
chestnut curls hanging about her fore-  
head.

"Oh, Loyd, don't do it! For my  
sake, don't!"  
"Hetty, what ails you? Don't do  
what?"

"You know; you didn't see me, but  
I was in the room when you took—the  
poison—the laudanum. Oh, Loyd, don't  
kill yourself—don't!"

He looked at her steadily, with a  
curious working of his countenance.  
"Why should I not? You would not  
care," he said, gloomily.

"Indeed, indeed I should!" she sob-

bed. "Oh, Loyd, I could not bear it;  
it would kill me!"  
Her pleading, tearful eyes were up-  
turned to his. He looked down into  
her face for a moment, then took both  
her hands in his.

"Hetty, you are going to be another  
man's wife."  
"Never! Loyd, never! I was wrong  
—forgive me."  
"You don't mean to say, Hetty,"—  
his face lighted all over as with a flush  
of new life—"you don't mean to say  
that you do really love me?"

"Yes, I do! I always loved you,  
Loyd. I wouldn't have told you but  
for this—but for that horrible poison.  
Give it to me, Loyd, that I may feel  
you are safe."

He answered by taking her in his  
arms. There was no one near to see  
them. And then he gave the deadly  
vial into her hands, and she flung it as  
far as she could into the neighboring  
pond.

"Life is worth living for now, Hetty,"  
he said, as with her arm in his, and  
her hand clasped in his own, they  
walked toward her home. "But you  
will never know what pain I have suf-  
fered."

Most people said that Hetty had  
done right in choosing Loyd Sutton,  
after all; and Mr. Frisbee indignantly  
went back to the city and consoled  
himself by selecting as his wife some  
other young and pretty woman. His  
marriage took place about the same  
time with Hetty's.

Some three years after this, Mr.  
Loyd Sutton, a comfortable and happy  
looking pater familias, said to his pre-  
tly wife:

"I believe that any man can keep a  
secret from his wife; but no woman  
can keep one from her husband."  
"Don't you, indeed, dear? Now I  
think the contrary."

He laughed knowingly.  
"Perhaps I can convince you. I've  
had a secret from you, Hetty, ever  
since we were married."

"Indeed! Won't you tell it to me,  
Loyd?"  
"Why, yes, as I don't see any reason  
in keeping it longer to myself. I  
wouldn't tell you at first for fear you  
should feel mortified in knowing it.  
Do you remember when you pleaded  
with me so earnestly not to take my  
life? Well, the truth is, I hadn't the  
least idea of swallowing that laudanum.  
I merely intended to use it as a remedy  
for the pain I was suffering from a ter-  
rible toothache."

"Yes," said Mrs. Loyd Sutton, de-  
murely, but with a sad gleam in  
her black eyes. "I knew that all the  
while. You see, I read the note you  
left on the table, telling your moth-  
er that the pain was such that  
you could not wait till to-morrow to  
take her to town, must go at once to  
see a dentist, and that Johnny would  
bring her, and you would meet her  
there. Then I knew what the laudanum  
was for."

"Mr. Loyd Sutton opened his eyes  
very wide, and gave a low whistle.  
"You see, love," resumed his wife,  
stealing her arm around his neck, I  
had no other way of letting you know  
how I loved you and regretted my  
folly. It saved us both from being  
very miserable. But," with the same  
arch look, "don't you think that a  
woman can keep a secret from her  
husband as well as a husband from  
his wife?"

And Loyd Sutton, kissing his wife,  
had the manliness to acknowledge  
himself convinced.

## General Kilpatrick.

General Kilpatrick was popular in  
Chili. He liked the land and its peo-  
ple next to his own. He was President  
of a fashionable club in Santiago, and  
of an educational institution there.

General Kilpatrick's house was a big  
and substantial wooden house two  
miles out of Deckertown, N. J. He  
imitated faring there on a plan that  
amused those of his neighbors who  
had neither power nor the leisure to  
steal his time. He had a large lecture  
room where he lectured on his lecture  
in his appearance. His face was pale,  
and bore unmistakable traces of suffer-  
ing, repressed by the strong will which  
she knew he possessed. But now,  
alone as he thought himself, the strain  
seemed relaxed. He bowed his face in  
his hands and groaned.

Hetty's heart beat fast and the tears  
rushed into her eyes. Oh, if he would  
but bend from that stubborn pride, she  
would give up Mr. Frisbee, wealth,  
everything in the world, for his sake!  
But for her to make advances now?  
Loyd rose from his seat and walked  
across the room to the book-case. He  
shrank more closely into her corner,  
and the high-backed arm chair hid her.  
She heard him rummaging about be-  
hind the books on the shelves, and  
then she saw his arm extended to the  
light, holding up two glass vials. So  
near was she that she could distinctly  
read the labels, one of which was  
"Laudanum." This he thrust into his  
breast-pocket, and, seizing his hat,  
turned to leave the room. But at the  
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a sheet of paper, left it lying open and  
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swift steps followed the retreating  
figure down the road. She overtook  
him just as he turned the clump of  
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poison—the laudanum. Oh, Loyd, don't  
kill yourself—don't!"

He looked at her steadily, with a  
curious working of his countenance.  
"Why should I not? You would not  
care," he said, gloomily.

"Indeed, indeed I should!" she sob-

## FINE CUT.

### How John Anderson Invented It and Made a Fortune.

New York Sun.

John Anderson made his fortune  
mainly from a brand of fine cut chew-  
ing tobacco called Solace, which was  
first produced when "plug" was the  
popular form of chewing tobacco. Sol-  
ace has made other fortunes beside Mr.  
Anderson's. The millionaire tobacco-  
naut was fond of recalling the history  
of this brand, and it made an interest-  
ing tale.

Thirty or more years ago he kept a  
little tobacco shop on Wall street, close  
to Broadway. It was so small that  
three men could not move freely be-  
fore the counter, yet it was haunted by  
the conspicuous men about town.  
General Winfield Scott, Colonel Mon-  
roe, son of the president; Mr. Wil-  
liams, the translator of Eugene Sue's  
works; Park Benjamin, of whom Mr.  
Anderson used to say "he was the edi-  
tor of more papers than there were  
streets in that ward!" C. Edwards Les-  
ter, who wrote "The Glory and Shame  
of England," and many of the fops,  
the merchant princes, and the politi-  
cians of the metropolis were among the  
frequent visitors there. Snuff taking  
was universal then, and many of the  
young men felt privileged to go behind  
the counter and mix the snuff to suit  
themselves.

One day Gen. Scott asked why it was  
not possible to obtain a special brand  
of chewing tobacco better than that  
which was in general use, and of course  
at higher cost. John Anderson replied  
that it was possible, if they would pay  
to have the tobacco specially manufac-  
tured.

"How can it be done?" asked Gen.  
Scott. "How can you make tobacco  
better than tobacco?"

"I'll tell you how," Mr. Anderson  
said, and then he addressed Col. Mon-  
roe, adding, "And you, Colonel will  
understand me, because you are fami-  
liar with tobacco. You know that the  
top leaves of the tobacco plant are al-  
ways the finest, just as the fruit on the  
south side of a tree is always better  
than that on the other side. Well, I  
would use nothing but the top leaves,  
and those I would treat with special  
care. You know that the tobacco leaf  
is always rid of the central stem, a  
woody, fibrous stalk, containing prop-  
erties that do not exist elsewhere in the  
leaf. I would not only take out the  
backbone, but I would carefully cut  
all the smaller ribs leading from it.  
I would brush each leaf to rid it of for-  
eign particles, and all through the pro-  
cess of preparation I would use the ut-  
most care without sparing expense."

The military men ordered this es-  
pecial brand made, and it was not long  
before it became the standard tobacco  
among the officers of the army, and  
thence it became known to the public  
generally. It was packed in big jars,  
which Gen. Scott ordered, and emptied  
rapidly, for he was an inveterate  
chewer.

"As it was mainly the fancy that  
they were paying more than others  
could afford, that Gen. Scott and Col.  
Monroe dwelt upon," said Mr. Ander-  
son last summer, "I complimented  
them, and those who adopted the fash-  
ion of chewing new tobacco, by charg-  
ing a handsome price."

At this time chewing tobacco was  
put up in paper wrappers. This was  
bad for it. In a dry place it crumbled  
into a fine dust. In a damp place it  
became musty. The Mexican war  
broke out, and General Scott was or-  
dered to the command of the troops in  
action. He was a very big man, very  
gorgeous in dress and very imposing  
in manners, and Mr. Anderson recalled  
the fact that all these characteristics  
became immeasurably aggravated  
when the big chieftain stopped at the  
doorway of the little tobacco shop and  
made his way in. What with his high  
chapeau and higher plume, his wide-  
spread epaulettes, and his rattling sword,  
he always seemed, as the wit of the  
day put it, to be in the mysterious po-  
sition of those ships that ingeniously  
traders build in wine bottles to excite  
curiosity as to how they got in or out.

"Anderson," said the General, "I  
have got to go to Mexico directly. You  
are an ingenious and inventive man.  
I want you to suggest some way of  
packing chewing tobacco so it will  
keep. I can't go lugging that forty  
thieves' jar around Mexico with me,  
and I must have some means of pack-  
ing small quantities of tobacco in my  
saddle bags."

"How would India rubber do?" queried  
Mr. Anderson.  
"It wouldn't do at all," the general  
replied; "the smell of it would get  
into the tobacco."

"Bladders," the tobaccoist suggest-  
ed; "how would bladders suit you?"  
"No, —the bladders," replied the  
commander-in-chief; "I see too much  
of bladders in the army. Whisky is  
smuggled in to the men in bladders  
which the women conceal about them.  
Bladders won't do."

Mr. Anderson thought it over, and  
tried tin-foil. General Scott was de-  
lighted. He took a packing-box full of  
little oblong packages. Down in the  
corner of the box, in the commissary de-  
partment broke open the box, and  
General Scott had only what he had  
put in his saddle bags. He wrote a  
characteristic note to Mr. Anderson,  
saying that he was thankful for a  
pleaty of whisky, but wretched for  
want of tobacco. He ordered three  
cases to be sent to as many Mexican  
cities, so as to be sure of tobacco where-  
ever he might be. While the war  
went on, the proprietors of the city  
hotel's sent word that they wanted to  
put on sale some of the tobacco. Gen-  
eral Scott was using, and thus began the  
distribution of tin-foil parcels of fine  
cut.

But Mr. Anderson was troubled for  
a name to give the new brand. One  
day Mr. Williams, the English litera-  
ture, who translated Eugene Sue's  
books, happened along, and Mr.  
Anderson confided his trouble to him.  
Williams laughed at Mr. Anderson for  
poring over the dictionary, and hastily  
wrote down a dozen words, the first of  
which was "Solace." "That is the  
word," said the tobaccoist, adding,  
"I won't look at any other."

When General Scott returned to New  
York he found John Anderson in a  
big and showy store at Pine street and  
Broadway. He took the tobaccoist's  
hand and looked at him with an ex-  
pression of friendly regard.

"John," said General Scott, "you  
are going to be a rich man. I know

## JOCOSITIES.

### Country Roads.

Prot. A. B. Hyde, in American Agri-  
culturist, speaks as follows: The farm-  
ers of the district are notified to ap-  
pear at a certain date for duty. One  
or two teams and a dozen men gather  
to the portion of the road to be re-  
paired. As the road district is a certain  
unit of democracy each man is as good  
as a boss, and is mostly exempt from  
labor; the boys flourish the spade and  
hoe, but the horses are the laboring  
class. As for our earth works, the  
deep and narrow side ditches are cut  
still deeper; the large stones and small  
boulders along the footpath are rolled  
into the center of the track and the  
finish given with a top dressing of sod.  
Logs, rails, etc., are then laid on the  
flanks to compel travel on the center.  
Should the process be interrupted  
(which often happens) the road is left  
variegated with piles of dirt which  
sometimes lie unsprung for the season,  
reminding the traveler rolling through  
an unfriendly world, that something  
had been done toward improvement.  
Probably we can all see that this is not  
a good way to do it. Is there not a  
better way? A few citizens, our best  
farmers, are proposing to use the same  
good and strong sense on the road as  
they use on the farm. A letter from  
the original McAdam to a farmer in  
central New York, was long kept in  
which he says: "Remember that in  
your region, if you keep stones out and  
water off, you have a road." Simple  
advice, yet needing wit to follow it!  
Two ideas are growing in the minds of  
our people, both tending to reform.  
One is to find a man who has plain  
engineering wit adequate to road mak-  
ing. In some districts one needs a  
lamp at noon to find him but when  
found he is a treasure. He is to be put  
and kept in charge of the roads. The  
other is to make the tax a cash busi-  
ness. The assessment being payable  
in cash, the overseer can employ whom  
he chooses, and if he employs the res-  
idents of his district, they work better  
on a cash basis. A good road saves  
wear and tear of wagon, horses and  
driver, it tells a pleasant tale of the  
good sense and good faith of the neigh-  
borhood, and it adds something mate-  
rial to the value of every farm along  
its course.

### Vanderbilt and His Two Boys.

The railway king avoids Wall street  
and all other unavoidable excitement.  
The report that he had suffered a pa-  
ralytic stroke suggests at least his li-  
ability to such a misfortune, and hence  
the importance of keeping quiet. His  
luxurious style of life is not adapted to  
promote health, and one need not be  
surprised at any time to hear of a fatal  
attack. The fact that he has just been  
seen by two Rochester men illustrates  
that liability to such annoyance which  
his position involves, and this suit will  
be one of a highly vexatious nature.  
Vanderbilt is at present much engaged  
in the construction of his palace, which  
is, necessarily, very slow work. The  
job has been under way three years,  
and it may require two more to finish  
it. Considering the brevity of human  
life, this is a disproportionate share to  
be spent in mere preparation for living.  
William has an immense estate to be-  
queath, and he would like the railway  
empire preserved intact, but experience  
has taught him that any favoritism  
may lead to breaking the will. His  
sons, William K. and Cornelius, each  
inherited \$2,000,000 from their grand-  
father, and so did Frederick, the third  
son, but Frederick is rather an outsider  
at present, having incurred paternal  
displeasure by marrying a woman  
almost old enough to be his mother.  
Neither of the two above mentioned  
sons are business men, and hence can  
hardly be expected to succeed their  
father in his distinguished position.  
William is trying to teach them busi-  
ness, and hence has made one of them  
director, while the other is his private  
secretary. These things are very differ-  
ent from controlling the destinies of  
a railway empire. William knows  
this, and hence the future of the fam-  
ily is overhung with many doubts and  
misgivings, and the construction of the  
will is a task of peculiar difficulty.

### The Oldest Pensioner.

Baltimore North American.

Maryland can probably claim the  
oldest pensioner in the United States  
in the person of Mrs. Elizabeth Cret-  
zer, who resides in the Ninth District  
of Baltimore county, upon the York  
road. She was 103 years old in last  
December, and is the widow of John  
Cretzer, of Captain Perry's company  
of Maryland militia, who served in  
the war of 1812. Notwithstanding her  
age, she can walk about the houses  
attend to household duties. She has  
the record of her birth and of her mar-  
riage to John Cretzer in the year 1801.  
Her sight and hearing are good, and  
her mental faculties are in excellent  
preservation. On Tuesday she was  
driven in to receive her pension pay-  
ment at Major Adreon's office, on Cal-  
vert street, and as he would not give  
her the trouble to alight he carried her  
check to her at the carriage and found  
her thoroughly cheerful and full of  
humor for quite a talk. She is believed  
to be the oldest pensioner, if not the  
oldest person, in the United States.

### The Oldest Man Married.

[De Soto Democrat.]

The marriage of Mr. John Sojourner  
to Miss Sarah Metcalf is quite a re-  
markable affair. Mr. Sojourner is ninety-  
two years of age. He served as a sol-  
dier in the war with Great Britain in  
1812, and now draws a pension from  
the Government. He has been mar-  
ried five times, and all his widowhood  
put together only amounts to a little  
over a year. He has no children liv-  
ing, and only five grand-children. He  
has been a member of the Baptist  
Church for eighty years. He is a spright-  
ly and vigorous man yet, and bids fair  
to live many years more. He is the old-  
est man living in his parish, and there  
are but few older than him in the State,  
and Dr. Stripling can claim the honor  
of having performed the marriage cere-  
mony for the oldest man that was ever  
married in the United States. The  
bride, we are informed, is a lady be-  
ween forty-five and fifty years of age.

### The correct list of the deaths by the Ring Theater fire at Vienna is 794.

### If a two-wheeled vehicle is a bicycle, and a three-wheeled a tricycle, it does not follow that the one-wheeled is an icicle.

An Irishman who was going to fight  
a duel, insisted he should stand six  
paces nearer his antagonist than he  
did to him, as he was near sighted.

When the ruined physician places  
his door-plate in pawn he was heard to  
remark: "Had I signed the pledge, I  
would not now have to pledge my  
sign."

It works both ways: Fogg says to  
love your neighbor as yourself is a  
good rule; but one should also love his  
neighbor's neighbor. Fogg says he is  
his neighbor's neighbor.

"Is it true," she writes,



FROM WASHINGTON.

Charles Reed, of Chicago, As-  
sues Charge of Guiteau's  
Defense.

The Prisoner Looking Around  
the Act of God to Save  
His Worthless Neck.

More Strong Testimony  
going to Establish Guit-  
eau's Sanity.

He acknowledges Him  
as Anyone.

Guiteau trial was resumed this  
morning, and Dr. Frank H. Hamil-  
ton, New York, took the stand.

Scoville desired to have other  
excluded during the testimony.  
Court ruled against him. Dur-  
ing argument on this point, Mr.  
Reed was interrupted by Guiteau,  
"I will cut this short, Judge,  
I am perfectly willing to  
here. I want them to  
can. I have so much  
their honor and integrity

that is precisely what I  
you are on the right track,  
you on my side; you  
my side of this case.

questioned at great  
the operations of  
ance of dreams, and un-  
essions, as indicative of

for prosecution protested  
apparent objectless direc-  
quiries.

smilingly—Well, gentle-  
you I did not know much

then you had better get  
case if you don't know any-  
about it. I think Reed and I

better than you, judging by the  
you are laboring. (Looking over  
notes which Scoville held in his  
hand), he continued, "you've got a lot  
off there. It is not in your hand-  
ing; I guess it must have been  
out by some crank."

au appeared to be dissatisfied  
result of the examination,  
said to Scoville: "Oh, dear  
Scoville! Send this man  
in Clark Mills; he's a good  
an for you than this one.  
of my head the other  
some people would be  
see it. He took a bust of  
and he thinks I'm a

at way. He  
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Judge Cox ad-  
d the witness  
great many in-  
insane, who ap-  
between right

question, Dr.  
nearly all  
and pun-  
ing with

nel Corkhill has made a very good out-  
ward statement of facts, but he hasn't  
touched at all upon what was going on  
in my mind at that time. That's a  
matter for the jury, the court, the  
Deity and me to decide. We four."

Colonel Corkhill then read another  
by hypothetical question, setting forth in  
its most unenviable light the career of  
Guiteau. The prisoner winced under  
the record, but confined himself to a  
sort of growl, "That's false," or "that's  
absolutely false." On concluding the  
reading, Corkhill again inquired of the  
witness: "Do you consider that the  
prisoner was sane or insane on the 2d  
of July?"

Answer—"In my opinion he was  
sane."

TWENTY-NINTH DAY.

Guiteau came into court this morn-  
ing apparently under some strong  
excitement. Charles Reed, of Chicago,  
took a seat by his side, and  
whispered something to him. Guiteau,  
striking the table violently, began to  
expostulate, saying: "I won't do any-  
thing of the kind." At this point  
Scoville whispered some expostulation,  
when Guiteau angrily said to him, "I  
won't have you compromising my  
case by your foolish questions. You  
must get off my case if you can't stop  
compromising it." A whispered con-  
sultation between the three seemed to  
result in pacifying the prisoner, who  
looked up with a smile and said: "I  
was going to make a speech, but I  
have changed my mind, and guess I  
won't do it." He then busied him-  
self opening his mail, remarking:  
"This is the first time I have opened  
my mail myself for sometime."

Dr. Theodore Diamond, of Auburn,  
N.Y., who had been summoned for the  
defense, and retained by the prosecu-  
tion, was called to the stand. The wit-  
ness believed, judging by the evidence  
to which he had listened, including  
that of the prisoner himself, and from  
the appearance and conduct of the  
prisoner, that he is a sane man.

The hypothetical questions put to  
Dr. Worcester yesterday, were then  
read to the witness, and he replied: "I  
should say he was sane."

Witness was questioned at great  
length, his answers indicating great  
consideration of opinion. Scoville  
finally asked: "Well, Doctor, how old  
do you think a physician has got to be  
before he is able to distinguish between  
a sane and an insane man?"

Witness replied that he himself was  
not yet old enough to distinguish be-  
tween sane and insane people.

Guiteau (laughing)—"That's the best  
thing you said yet, Doctor. Ladies and  
gentlemen, you see I'm letting Scoville  
do the most of the talking to-day.  
I'm keeping quiet."

opened my mail myself this  
morning," said Guiteau (holding up  
twenty or more letters). "Pretty good  
mail, too, and only one crank letter  
in the whole lot. All from high-toned  
people, too. They are beginning to  
think better of me outside. High-  
toned folks are sending for my auto-  
graph. They think I'm a big man,  
but I don't care a snap whether I'm a  
big man or a little one."

The prisoner busied himself reading  
his letters, and soon broke out again,  
saying: "Well, I did not notice this  
before. Ladies and gentlemen, I have  
just received a letter from Dr. Spitzka,  
in which he says he has received 250  
letters since he returned from Wash-  
ington, all congratulating him upon  
his testimony; that he has only re-  
ceived two threatening ones, and two  
from lunatics. A pretty good showing,  
I think when he came on here for  
nothing and did not get a cent, while  
these fellows are handsomely paid by  
the Government. Then here is another  
from Mr. Beatty—"

Judge Cox—Well, that will do, pris-  
oner. We have not the time to listen  
to the reading of your correspondence.

Judge Porter thought it would be en-  
tirely out of place for the court to be  
asked to rule upon such a proposition,  
and, speaking for the prosecution,  
promised no objection to Mr. Reed,  
and no criticism of his course in be-  
coming counsel for the defense.

Judge Cox—I think that sufficient.  
I have privately stated that I saw no  
objection to such a course on Mr.  
Reed's part.

Colonel Corkhill—It's absurd to talk  
about it. Reed has been assisting all  
the way through, and has not been out  
of sight of the room.

Reed (quickly)—That is not true,  
Mr. Corkhill.

Guiteau—Ob, Corkhill can't tell the  
truth, anyway. Reed has quietly as-  
sisted just as scores of lawyers have  
done—in the interest of truth and  
justice. That's what we are here for.

After some discussion between counsel  
relative to striking out certain portions  
of Dr. Diamond's testimony, Mr. Cork-  
hill was about to call a witness when  
Guiteau broke out excitedly: "There's a  
vast amount of rubbish getting into  
this case that has nothing to do with  
it. I want to know what all this has  
got to do with the condition of my  
mind on the 2d of July. You can't  
tell what is going on now in that Fore-  
man's mind, or Judge Cox's. How  
can you tell what was in mine on the  
2d of July. All this is nonsense about  
whether I'm insane now or was five  
years ago has nothing whatever to do  
with this case." (Striking the table  
and becoming more and more excited)  
he continued: "I can't get justice  
here, I expect an act of God for my  
protection. He has taken away the  
wife of one of the jurors, for which I  
am very sorry, and, if necessary, he  
will take one of those jurors right out  
of the box to save my life in the inter-  
est of truth and justice."

Scoville explained in regard to the  
letter of Dr. Spitzka, opened and com-  
mented on yesterday by Guiteau. He  
stated that the letter was addressed to  
him (Scoville) and not to the prisoner.  
He knew it would be commented  
upon by the prosecution, that Dr.  
Spitzka had written to a man he had  
said under oath was insane and he  
(Scoville) desired the court and jury  
to understand just how it occurred.

William A. Edwards, of Brooklyn,  
testified that he was a clerk in Shaw's  
law office, and overheard a conversa-  
tion between his employer and the  
prisoner, when the latter, as alleged  
by Shaw, said he would some day kill  
some big man as Booth had done.  
Shaw had testified no one was present  
when the "Booth" conversation took  
place.

On cross-examination by Mr. Reed,  
witness was asked: "If Shaw testi-  
fied that no one was present, and you  
testify under oath that you were pres-  
ent, which of you told the truth?"

Answer—Why, I have told the truth.  
Shaw is apt to get excited when upon  
the stand.

Witness gave an account of a fraud-  
ulent real estate transaction which the  
prisoner attempted to involve him  
(the witness) in.

Guiteau sneeringly commented on  
the ridiculous assumptions of the wit-  
ness, and Scoville attempted to quiet  
him.

Guiteau replied: "I know what I'm  
doing. I'll take my chance of getting  
the laugh on him."

Mr. Reed questioned the witness at  
some length, and Guiteau interrupted,  
saying: "Way, this whole thing is a  
lie. My counsel is taking this matter  
too seriously. Call it by the right  
name, a lie, and let it go." Finally, he  
became very impatient at the length  
of the cross-examination, and called  
out impatiently: "Why, this whole thing  
is a farce. This fellow, ten years ago,  
was a clerk in Shaw's office, getting  
about \$8 a week. The idea that I would  
consult him on a big real estate trans-  
action—such a numbskull as this fel-  
low is—why, it is simply absurd, and  
Judge Cox ought to kick him off the  
stand."

An effort is being made by the rela-  
tives and friends of Mrs. Scoville to

Guiteau—You are getting excited,  
Porter.

Scoville—I must say that Judge  
Porter can make the most of nothing  
of any man I ever met.

After further questions relative to  
brain disease, Scoville asked: "Is it  
true that such disease can only be de-  
tected by an examination of that or-  
gan?"

Answer—I can only answer that  
there have been cases of brain disease  
where, upon examination after death,  
no lesion of the brain was detected.

Witness was about to make further  
observations just as Scoville proposed  
a question.

Judge Porter (to witness)—Go on,  
Doctor, and finish your answer.

Scoville—Well, hold on a minute.  
We would like to know who is con-  
ducting this examination, you or I?

Porter—I assume the court is con-  
ducting the trial, and to the court I  
shall always appeal for the enforce-  
ment of rules of practice. Witness is  
one of the most learned scientists of  
the country, and you must not attempt  
to treat him as though he were your  
school-boy. I will not permit it.

Scoville (with some warmth)—Well,  
let us see about it, Mr. Judge Porter.

Guiteau chimed in with a hit at  
Porter, but without raising his eyes  
from the pamphlet which he was pre-  
tending to read. A broad grin over-  
spreading his features, and he seemed  
to enjoy greatly the storm of angry  
words.

Judge Cox interposed with a few  
smooth words, and the examination  
proceeded for some time without in-  
cident.

When Judge Porter again protested  
that Scoville should not be permitted  
to rebuke witness, Scoville said: "I  
can see no occasion for your speech. I  
have neither rebuked the witness nor  
had occasion to do so."

Guiteau—What's the matter with  
you, Porter, anyway? You must have  
contracted Davidge's disease during  
the night.

Scoville began to read from a manu-  
script what appeared to be a hypothet-  
ical proposition.

Davidge (with mock bewilderment),  
interrupted—Oh! come, come, Scoville;  
I can't understand that.

Scoville (laughing)—Well, I don't  
understand it myself. Mr. Reporter  
please erase that, and I will put another  
question.

Reed then put a few questions to the  
witness in rapid order.

Porter again interposed an objection  
and demanded that the witness be al-  
lowed to finish his answer, and not be  
cut short by counsel.

Reed—The witness has not intimated  
a desire to say anything further in re-  
ply to that question. You are the one  
that appears to be anxious for more.  
(To the witness)—Doctor, do you de-  
sire to add anything to your reply?

Witness—No, sir; I thought I an-  
swered the question directly and suf-  
ficiently.

Reed—As I supposed. Judge Porter,  
you disagree with your own witness,  
as usual. [General laughter, at the  
expense of Porter.] (Reed, aside to  
Scoville,) "He'll get over it after  
awhile."

The examination progressed with  
frequent objections on the part of the  
prosecution requiring the ruling of the  
court. As the witness was about to  
retire, Guiteau said: "Allow me to  
ask, if you hold the opinion that a  
man cannot be insane in a specific act  
without having a disease of the brain?"

Scoville assented to the question,  
and witness replied: "Insanity meant  
disease of the brain."

Guiteau asked another question, but  
Judge Porter suggested to the witness  
that he hold no colloquy with the  
criminal.

Guiteau (angrily)—I'm no criminal  
any more than you are. I'm here as  
my own counsel, and I have as much  
right to speak as you have. Wait un-  
til I am convicted before you call me  
criminal. I stand a great deal better  
outside than you do. Plenty of people  
will say I'm bigger man than old  
Porter.

Corkhill suggested that if this  
was permitted, the prosecution  
that the prisoner be re-

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HOME, SWEET HOME,  
There's No Place Like Home.

We are again at the old stand of LYON & WEIK with an  
excellent line of

SUGARS, Coffees, Teas and SYRUPS.

In fact, all that a well kept stock should contain.

We intend to maintain, both in quality and prices, the reputation of the well-known house of  
LYON & WEIK, and cordially invite you to call and see us. Don't forget the place

South Side of Public Square.

L. WEIK & CO.,  
GROCER AND BAKER.

this side will assent cheerfully and  
readily to any proposition you make,  
only make your proposition; don't  
make your little speeches to the jury  
now."

Judge Porter (with much excite-  
ment)—You have insulted a distin-  
guished gentleman upon the witness-  
stand, and now you assume to dictate  
the management of our case.

At this point, Guiteau again lost his  
temper and discretion, and shouted  
back at Judge Porter, while the latter  
addressed the court in his most im-  
pressive manner. For a few minutes  
neither could be distinctly understood.

Judge Cox finally secured silence,  
and stated that while he did not de-  
sire to act hastily, he should punish  
for contempt if the prisoner again  
transgressed the bounds of propriety.

Guiteau—Very well, your Honor, I  
am within the discretion of the court,  
but I do not appear here as an ordi-  
nary criminal, and your Honor re-  
cognizes it. I appear as my own coun-  
sel, and have so acted for the past six  
weeks.

Colonel Reed then proposed a hypothet-  
ical case for the defense, and  
asked if the witness could give an  
opinion. Witness evaded a direct  
answer, and counsel insisted upon a  
categorical reply. A sharp colloquy  
ensued between Porter and Reed with  
side remarks by Guiteau, such as,  
"Porter, you've got a mouth like an  
old cat fish," and shortly afterward  
"Porter, you'll bring up in a lunatic  
asylum yet."

Judge Cox ruled that counsel for de-  
fense could request a categorical an-  
swer, and the question was again  
insisted upon qualifications which  
evaded a direct answer.

Guiteau speedily remarked: "You  
are the stupidest fellow we've had yet."  
Mr. Reed finally said: "Well, if you  
cannot answer the question you may  
step aside."

Guiteau shouted after the witness:  
"Now go and get your \$500 and go  
home."

THE COMMITTEES.

Speaker Keifer announced the ap-  
pointment of the committees of the  
House. The committee on Ways and  
Means is constituted as follows: Kel-  
ly, of Pennsylvania, Chairman; Kasson,  
Dunnell, McKinley, Hubbell, Haskell,  
Russell, Errett, Randall, McKee, Car-  
lisle, Morrison, Spear, Georgia.

Banking and Currency—Crapo, of  
Massachusetts, Chairman; Smith, of  
Illinois, Weber, Dingley, Moore, Cor-  
nell, Brumm, Buckner, Hardenburgh,  
Flower, Ermentrout.

Appropriations—Hiscock, of New  
York, Chairman; Robeson, Cannon,  
Burrows, Butterworth, Caswell, Ryan,  
O'Neill, Ketchum, Blackburn, Cox,  
Atkins, Forney, Lefevre, Ellison, of  
Louisiana.

The Chairmanships of the other com-  
mittees are as follows:

Elections—Calkins, of Indiana.  
Judiciary—Reed, of Maine.

Commerce—Page, of California.  
Agriculture—Valentine, of Nebraska.

Foreign Affairs—Williams, of Illi-  
nois.

Military Affairs—Henderson, of Illi-  
nois.

Naval Affairs—Harris, of Massachu-  
setts.

Post Office and Post Roads—Bing-  
ham, of Pennsylvania.

Public Lands—Pound, of Wiscon-  
sin.

Indian Affairs—Haskell, of Kansas.

Territories—Burrows, of Michigan.

Railways and Canals—Townsend, of  
Ohio.

Manufactures—Campbell, of Penn-  
sylvania.

Mines and Mining—Van Voorhees,  
of New York.

Public Buildings and Grounds—  
Shellenberger, of Pennsylvania.

Pacific Railroad—Hazleton, of Wis-  
consin, Chairman; Harmer, Butter-  
worth, Robinson, Hammond, of New  
York; Paul, Darrell, Farwell, of Iowa;  
McKenzie, Bliss, House, Nolan.

Mississippi Levees—Thomas, of Illi-  
nois.

Education and Labor—Updegraff, of  
Ohio.

Militia—Strait, of Minnesota.

Patents—Young, of Ohio.

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War Reminiscences.

There is a certain melan-  
choly in reminiscences of the  
71 which the French are now  
relating. An officer who won  
the campaign of the Loire has  
ly given some idea of the state  
moralization of even the unbeat-  
died who deserted in hundreds and  
gave themselves up to the enemy.  
At times, when provisions and trans-  
port were scarce, "the Prussians"  
would not make them prisoners, but  
only broke their rifles and took away  
their cartridges and accoutrements.  
In such cases the wretched bands had  
to be driven off at the point of the  
bayonet. This officer alleges that  
some French Generals commenced  
shooting their few German prisoners,  
in the hope that the enemy would  
make reprisals, and so deter the crowds  
of French deserters; but "the Prus-  
sians" saw through it and did not fall  
into the trap. The late D'Aurelles de  
Paladine was a disciplinarian of the  
strictest kind. All men  
falling out of the ranks were disarmed,  
tried, and shot out of hand; and if an  
officer alone encountered a soldier  
his punitive orders were to shoot  
him on the spot. On one occasion a  
major, passing a peasant's house,  
a fowl, telling the owner he had  
money with him, but would not  
from the camp, hard by, in ten  
minutes and pay him what he asked.  
When he came back, he found the  
promise, he found the man  
fancied he had been robbed, telling  
wrong to D'Aurelles de Paladine,  
was passing on a tour of inspection,  
"Was it you said the General,  
took this man's fowl?" "Yes, ma-  
jor," said the sergeant major, "and I  
now brought it  
money. He was immedi-



